

LEAVING HOME

Harry Potter looked as if he held the weight of the world on his shoulders. He was sitting on the Hogwarts Express as it took him and his fellow school friends home for the summer holidays. His best friend and girlfriend Hermione Granger looked at him. It was only a couple of weeks ago that he had seen his godfather Sirius Black killed in the Department of Mysteries at the Ministry of Magic.

“What’s on your mind?” she asked, holding his hand.

“Something Dumbledore told me and something I need to do.” He replied, “Will you be able to look after Hedwig and my trunk for a couple of days please? I will be needing to get away from the Dursleys in a rush and they will slow me down.”

“Why don’t you come home with me?” Hermione asked.

“Dumbledore said that Privet Drive is protected by blood wards which means as long as I can call it home and Aunt Petunia is still alive, I will be safe.”

“That’s a whole load of rubbish!” Hermione shouted.

“Why say that?”

“Because you told me that You-Know-Who used your blood in his rebirth ceremony.” Hermione said, “It means he can just walk into your aunt’s house.”

“Why did no one bother to tell me this before?” asked Harry. “On the plus side he could kill the Dursleys for me” he looked over to Hermione. “Do you think he would do that if I asked him nicely?” and Hermione was shocked.

“Harry!” she exclaimed.

“I’m sorry” and he shook his head and began to think of the terrible summer he would have at the hands of his relatives.

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After the train arrived at Kings Cross and the students disembarked, Harry looked around for the Dursleys. There was no sign of them – Harry walked over to Hermione. She introduced him to her parents and asked if he could spend a couple of days with them.

“Where are your relatives?” Mr. Granger asked.

“It appears they’ve finally had enough of me and are taking matters into their own hands. Not that they wanted me in the first place.” Harry said. Mr. Granger looked at his wife.

“Can he stay please dad?” pleaded Hermione.

“Sure, you can spend as much time as you like with us. Hermione’s told us so much about you, we can trust you with her.” Mr Granger said to Harry.

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“I call this meeting of the Order of the Phoenix to order.” Dumbledore said. The Order was sitting in the kitchen of 12 Grimmwald Place.

“First things first, alternative arrangements will need to be made for Harry Potter this summer.” He said.

“Why is that?” Remus Lupin asked.

“The Dursleys refuse to have anything further to do with him, following the Dementor attack on him and their son last summer.

They have taken legal advice from a Squib solicitor who petitioned the Ministry on their behalf and managed to gain emancipation for him so they could be rid of him.”

“What will happen to him now?” Molly Weasley asked.

“I do not know. My tracking charms indicate he is presently at the Granger residence. We will allow him a couple of days there before moving him somewhere. The second order of business is Sirius Black. His will is due to be read in a weeks’ time. The contents of which are unknown right now, but assuming it is one he filed before his incarceration in Azkaban, he would have left everything he owned to Harry. As far as I know, this legacy would have included a single house and a small vault of money. But, since then, his mother died and despite being blasted off the family tapestry, he would be recognised as the Head of the Blacks, having received no trial.”

“What does that mean?” someone asked.

“Assuming that Mr. Potter inherits the title of Lord Black, he also inherits this house. Now, Mr. Potter and myself had some difficulties towards the end of term and he showed some unpleasant feelings about me, due to decisions I had made for him. There is a chance he could prevent us from using this house for meetings, so we need to keep all paperwork relating to the Order in one place so it can be removed at a moment’s notice.”

“I think the house will be safe Albus.” Remus said, “Sirius and I spoke at length and he hinted that I might be receiving the house.” Everyone looked at him. “Sirius said I was more in need of it than Harry was, the Potters owning many homes across the world.”

“This is what we’ll do – allow him some time at the Grangers, have a change of scenery and time to grieve for Sirius away from magic before moving him here. This meeting is closed.”

Everyone went to leave.

“Molly – a word please.” Dumbledore said. Molly Weasley stopped where she was. “I thought you should hear this first before Ronald gets the letter from Minerva. She’s recommended that Ronald be removed as Prefect – it seems he neglected his duties all year. She’s recommended that Harry take on the duties instead along with Quidditch captaincy.”

“Now listen here Albus,” Molly said with a loud voice, “I don’t care what you have to do, but you will make sure Ron gets to keep that Prefect badge and you will also make sure he gets that Quidditch captaincy otherwise I will go straight to the Ministry and tell them about this group of yours.”

“My hands are tied over the Captaincy thing Molly; it is a matter for the Head of House. Your son is not eligible for the job, having only been on the team for a year. If his OWL results are what they are predicted to be, his Prefect badge is in jeopardy anyway.” Dumbledore said.

“Then you had better find a way to make sure he keeps it!” Molly shouted before leaving.

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Following the meeting, Dumbledore thought he had better write to Harry to inform him about the Dursleys – knowing he had not received any mail from them. He wrote a small letter and sent it off with Fawkes.

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Harry and the Grangers were sitting in their kitchen having some dinner when a ball of fire appeared and Fawkes appeared. He dropped a letter in front of Harry before vanishing. Harry took the

letter and read it.

Dear Mr. Potter,

I'm sorry I've not told you this before now, but I've only just found out myself.

According to the Ministry, the Dursleys, having finally reached their resolve about you and magic, appointed a Squib solicitor to petition the Ministry to have you granted emancipation. This was so granted. It means you can no longer call Number 4 home and that even if you could, the blood wards would no longer work.

I am aware that you are staying at the Grangers with Miss. Granger. I must ask you not to go out too often, if you have to. Sirius' will is being read in a week's time. As his primary heir, it is a legal requirement for you to attend. I will be talking to the goblins about either postponing it until it is time to go to the Alley to collect your school stuff or appointing a representative.

Looking forward to seeing you on your return to Hogwarts.

Albus Dumbledore

"The cheek of the man!" Harry shouted, "This just about does it! Did you know he put me with the Dursleys knowing what they would do? He did all this over some prophecy that crackpot Trelawney gave before I was born?"

"No!" Hermione said, "What was it?"

Harry told them the contents of the prophecy. "If it's so important for me to be able to defeat Voldemort, why does he keep hiring incompetent Defence teachers? Only Remus and Moody were any good, even if Moody was a Death Eater in disguise. What was he thinking of when he hired that idiot Lockhart? And don't get me

started on Snape. Its reasons like this I'm considering the plans I'm making."

"What are they then Harry?" Mr. Granger asked.

"Leave Hogwarts and find another school in another country, preferably one where Dumbledore doesn't have any friends. I just fear for Hermione because of what happens at Hogwarts. It breaks my heart to see her treated the way she is."

"What way is that? She hasn't told us much." Mrs. Granger said.

"So you don't know that people constantly call her names because of her heritage and no-one does anything about? I've done my best to stand up for her. Our Potions teacher is allowed to ridicule and bully anyone and he is not disciplined. Last year, we had a Defence teacher appointed by the Ministry who taught us nothing! She would regularly put me in detention where she told me to write lines with a quill which cut the words into my hand." He showed his hand to the Grangers. "No members of staff would stand up to her as the Headmaster would just allow it." Harry stopped speaking as he seemed to be thinking of something.

"Something wrong?" asked Mrs Granger. Harry didn't reply for several moments before he turned to look at both of the Grangers.

"Mr and Mrs Granger, I'd like your permission to take Hermione with me to another school" he said formally.

"I see your meaning Harry." Mr. Granger said, "I'd rather she left that school and she might be willing to do so with you. But we need to get some legal advice. I noticed on our last trip to that Alley that there was a solicitor's office. We should go there and find out our options."

"Good idea sir." Harry said.

“You don’t need to call me sir – just Michael will do.”

“Alright Just Michel” Harry said with a grin.

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The next morning, Harry and the Grangers drove to London and entered Diagon Alley They found the solicitor’s office and entered after attracting and were invited into the office of Arthur Madsen.

“What can I do for you?” he asked.

“I want to find out about the legality of transferring from Hogwarts to an overseas magical school.” Harry said, “I would also like to find out about transferring Hermione there too. According to Dumbledore, my guardians had me emancipated.”

“Well, if that is the case, then it is perfectly legal for you to transfer to another school – you would have to request it with the Headteacher of the relevant school. As for your friend, assuming she is a Muggleborn, then normally, Dumbledore would be her magical guardian, being the Hogwarts headteacher. He would have to approve it.”

“Can you find out?” Mr. Granger asked, “and how did he get to become her magical guardian? We were visited by a Sirius Black a year ago and offered to take on the job, suspecting Dumbledore of trying something.”

“I will have to file a request with the Ministry for her file, you will need to come back in a couple of days or I can visit you. In the meantime, I will check some schools in America and Canada for you.”

“Thank you.” Mr. Granger said, “How much will this cost us?”

“Two thousand galleons.” Mr. Madsen said. Mr. Granger looked

shocked.

“Don’t worry – I’ll pay the money.” Harry said.

“Thanks.” Mrs. Granger said.

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Mr. Madsen arrived as promised a few days later. He was shown into the front room where he got two files out.

“Alright, I’ve got your files as promised. Mr. Potter, as yours is the most simple, we’ll start with you.” He opened up Harry’s file and read it:

Harry James Potter,

Born: July 31st, 1980

Place of Birth: Godric’s Hollow, Wales

Current Residence: Unknown

Blood Status: Mixed (father pureblood, mother muggleborn)

Legal Status: Emancipated

Criminal Record: Underage Magic, July 1992

Father: James Harold Potter

Born: 1960

Died: October 31st, 1981

Occupation:

Blood Status: Pureblood

Criminal Record: A Des O' Connor LP

Mother: Lily Rose Potter (Evans)

Born: 1960

Died: October 31st, 1981

Occupation: Unspeakable in Training

Education Record

Currently Attending: Hogwarts

House: Gryffindor

Class Rank: 3rd out of 39

OWL Results: TBA

NEWT Results: TBA

Other Notes: Former Seeker for Gryffindor Quidditch Team, currently serving life ban from the sport

"As you are emancipated, it means you should have no problems getting into another school. Miss. Granger on the other hand, is a different matter." Hermione's file was then read out. It was practically the same as Harry's, it just stated that she was 1st in the class ranking and it said nothing about her parents or sports.

"Mr. & Mrs. Granger – the two of you would have to give consent for Hermione to transfer."

"If it gets her away from that death trap they call a school," Mr. Granger said, "Then we'll give consent."

"You want me to come with you?" Hermione asked in surprise.

"Well you didn't think I was going to leave Hogwarts without you, did you?" Harry said, and Hermione rushed over and hugged him.

"I'll look into the transfers later, Mr. Potter. I made a few enquiries about your life ban from Quidditch and found it was imposed by Delores Umbridge for a fight. What can you tell me about it?" Madsen said.

"Well, it was the first match of the year and I had just caught the Snitch. Then Goyle, a Slytherin Beater deliberately hit a Bludger at me which hit. Then Draco Malfoy started his usual rude chants about my mother because of her heritage, the Weasleys for not having money and Ron because he wasn't too good but it was his first proper game. I punched Malfoy along with Fred Weasley. McGonagall gave us detention, which I felt was worth it until Umbridge came and said that the Minister gave her permission to deal with all punishments. Fred and I were given life bans from Quidditch, including professional games as a career and she also imposed one on George Weasley for good measure. As usual, no-one said a thing about what Malfoy said – in my opinion, he gets away with too much and Goyle got away unpunished. During my third year, Malfoy and a couple of Slytherins dressed up as Dementors to sabotage the game – McGonagall gave them detention and deducted points, but Snape and Dumbledore restored them."

"I'll take this up with the Department of Sports and Games – they should be able to do something about it. Can you provide any memories of this?" Mr. Madsen asked.

"Just a moment." Harry left the room and came back with a few vials.

“I took the liberty of taking memories of each game after Malfoy joined just in case they were needed.”

“As for the new school – Hogwarts is the only one in England. I know there are a few in Canada which would be good – their headteachers aren’t the biggest fans of Dumbledore. I can make some enquiries – my granddaughter attends the Vancouver School of Magic. I’ll be in touch.” Before he left, Harry gave him a bankers draft for 2,000 galleons.

“That’s for your hard work so far.” He told the man.

“Thank you.” Mr. Madsen said before leaving.

“I never knew that stuff about my parents before.” Harry said.

“What did you know?” Mrs. Granger asked.

“Well, until Hogwarts, all I knew because of the Dursleys that they were out of control drunks who died in a car crash. Hagrid told me they were Head Boy and Girl. Dumbledore tells me I look like my dad except for Mum’s eyes. One thing I later found out via Snape’s memories and that was by accident was that Dad bullied him. I don’t agree with that, but there is no need for Snape to bully me over it. Whenever I asked anyone else – teachers, Remus or Sirius, they just changed the subject.”

“I wonder why everyone is so keen to keep information on your family secret.” Mr. Granger said.

“I’m not sure” Harry said, but I suspect Dumbledore in doing this. I have always suspected him of hiding things from me” and he saw Hermione shaking her head.

“But why?” she questioned. Hermione was having trouble in questioning an authority figure it seemed.

“Dumbledore wants me to defeat Voldemort – but expects me to die. I have no doubt that he will take the entire Potter fortune” Harry said to her. “That is one of the reasons I will be leaving for another magical school” he added.

“Have you thought about where you would go?” asked Mrs Granger.

“Canada is out” Harry said. “Another country I know, but it is part of the British Territory. Dumbledore could have me taken from there and returned to Hogwarts. Same with New Zealand and any other country within the Commonwealth” and Hermione nodded.

“So where do we go?” she asked him.

“I don’t know, but I’m going to send Hedwig to him with a message telling him no British Territories” Harry said.

“What about that French school?” asked Michael. Harry considered it for a few moments before shaking his head.

“Three reasons why” Harry said. “It is too close to Hogwarts, Gabrielle will try to jump me for my body, and have you seen what they serve for breakfast? They don’t do fry ups – Fleur told me that during the Tri-Wizard” and Hermione smiled.

“I don’t mind where you go, as long as I am with you” she told him.

A/N:

The first chapter in yet another chapter that I have taken in from the cold darkness of fanfic hell. Fanfic hell is a place that stories are sent to when not published, discontinued or removed. Out of the goodness of my heart, I have opened up my homepage to offer this worthy fanfic a space in my profile.

PLEASE do not expect this to be updated as fast as the others – I still have my other fics to complete. I thought of uploading this as part of my Christmas bonus to you all. Those people that review on Christmas Day will get special mentions in the next chapter – Christmas Day being measured by British Time.

Tell me What You Think

Regards

Pixel

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The British Are Coming

Harry sent a message to the lawyer that they had decided against anything remotely British, or the anything on the continent for that matter as well. Madsen agreed and that was why Harry and Hermione each held a brochure for the Salem Institute in America. A note came with Harry's to say that at the moment he was still supposed to go to Hogwarts, but Harry expected that Sirius's will would emancipate him. If that was the case, then he and Hermione would transfer to the Salem Institute faster then you could say Jack Frost. The week flew by with Harry and Hermione spending lots of time together, and Harry understood what it was like to have a loving family as he and the Grangers went out to theme parks and other places. One thing that Harry was glad he did was to buy himself all new clothes and to get rid of Dudley's cast offs.

"What do we do with these?" asked Hermione, eyeing the pile that was on Harry's bed.

"I have an idea" he said, and gathered the clothes in his arms in his arms and went into the Granger's garden. Hermione was puzzled until she saw Harry set them alight and start dancing around them.

"Ah, Hermione" greeted Michael with a wave of the tongs, "Have you come for the 'Clothes Burning and Barbecue' as well?" and Hermione smiled as she went to join her mother on the sunloungers.

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The next day was the day of the reading, so Harry and Hermione got up a little early – no real problem for Harry – and got ready for the day. The Grangers took Harry and Hermione into London, and on impulse asked the adult Grangers to come in with him.

"I still say they look like Feringi" Michael said to Jane.

“I don’t think it would be wise to say that to their faces” she replied. Harry went up to a teller and spoke.

“I’d like to see my family account manager, please” he said.

“Who are you?” asked the Goblin.

“If you’ve never seen me before, you worthless excuse for a living breathing thing, you’d know that I’m Harry Potter” Harry said, and showed the Goblin the scar. It nearly dropped through the floor in shock and then led Harry and the Grangers into a very large office. Many people waited for the will including the Weasley family, Draco Malfoy and his mother Narcissa, Tonks and two adults he assumed were her parents, Remus Lupin and, not unexpectedly, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.

“Harry my dear boy” Dumbledore started the convocation, “May I say how nice it is to see you?” and the smile was present on his face once more. Harry was very tempted to punch the Headmaster in the jaw and he strongly suspected that the Weasley twins would join in.

“Thank you, Professor” Harry said, “I wish it was on better business that we met” and Dumbledore seemed to accept that.

“I see that Miss Granger is with you, and I see that they must be her parents” the headmaster said, and Harry nodded.

“What did you get left, Scarhead?” asked Draco from the corner of the room he was in.

“Draco be silent!” his mother hissed, and he did so at once. Both Malfoys knew that Harry could kill at a will reading without any sort of punishment whatsoever. Harry and Hermione refused to speak to the Weasley family except the twins and also Tonks and her family. Her dad, Ted, was a bus driver working for London Transport, while her mother worked writing fiction books for both Wizarding and Muggle

worlds. Her muggle name was J.K Rowling, but it turned out that Andromeda – Tonks's mother's real name – hadn't done that well, and so she stayed mainly in the Wizarding world.

YOU MAY ENTER said a booming voice. Everyone got up and went into a large office with wooden furniture some nice tapestries hanging off the walls. Harry went storming in and took the closest four seats for himself, Hermione, Michael and Jane. The door behind the desk opened and Harry looked to see...

“Griphook?” he said with surprise and pleasure mixing in his voice.

“You recognise me, Mr Potter?” asked Griphook.

“I will never forget the second Goblin I met with” Harry replied, and Griphook gave a kind of half smile.

“Indeed” he said, and then sat down behind his desk and opened up a large bundle of parchment. The bundle contained many different folders and Harry assumed that they contained some kind of information for everyone. “This is the reading of the will of Sirius Orion Black. All those present in the room have been asked to come – the exceptions being Mr and Mrs Granger who are attending at Mr Potter’s request” and Griphook paused to open a drawer and he took out a pensieve that he placed on the desk top. “Mr Black left his will in the form of a recording which I will now play” and Griphook knocked three times on the top of the Pensieve before a ghostly image of Sirius appeared in the room. Harry and Hermione thought strongly of holograms from Star Trek.

“If you are seeing this, then it means I’m dead. I hope it was impressive... not crossing the road or an incident with a toaster. Well now for the formal stuff I guess” and Sirius’s image frowned before pressing on. “I, Sirius Orion Black, being of no sound mind and reasonable judgement do hereby make the following dispositions regarding my assets” and the image turned towards each of the

named people in turn – but in no particular order it seemed. “To the Weasley family, I leave the sum of 100,000 Galleons on condition that Fred and George Weasley prank Percival Weasley for one whole week” and Harry swore the twins starting to plot. “To my sister, Narcissa: I leave all of my dirty washing plus some obscene pictures of myself. She must carry these with her for one month so that she may collect a sum of 300,000 Galleons” Harry, Hermione and the twins tried very hard not to laugh at Mrs Malfoy. “To Remus Lupin: I leave the sum of 100,000 Galleons on the condition that he buys himself some decent clothes and gets a haircut. To Fred and George Weasley: I leave them each the sum of 200,000 Galleons in the name of Pranking. I also leave the pair all of my notes so that they may create fun all over the country. To dear Nephew Draco: I leave all of my the sum of 10,000 Galleons in trust until he turns 21. To my sister Andromeda and Niece Nymphadora: I reinstate you both into the Black family and give you everything that you are owed. To my Brother in Law Ted: I leave you a fleet of buses comprising of 3 Routemasters, two Leyland Olympians and four Plaxton Tiger coaches. To Hermione Jane Granger I leave the sum of 500,000 Galleons, the entire library in Grimmauld Place as well as instruction in taking care of Harry for me” and the image turned slightly to look at Dumbledore.

“I don’t think this is going to go well” Harry whispered to Hermione who nodded in silent agreement.

“To Albus Dumbledore: I leave the sum of 45 Galleons, an unclean toilet and orders to stop interfering with Harry’s life.” And Dumbledore would have killed Sirius if he had not been already dead – but he managed to keep his calm. The ghostly image of Sirius turned once more to face towards Harry. “To Harry James Potter: I leave everything else. The Black fortune, all of the houses that I own, several pornographic pensive memory recordings, and instructions to have a good life. I also emancipate Harry as Dumbledore should have done some time ago. Knowing Harry as I do, you have something planned – so go and do it. I only have one more thing to

say" and the image turned round to face Tonks again. "NYMPHADORA!" and the image gave her the finger before it vanished before Tonks could say a word. Griphook went round and gave everyone folders before they left the room. Harry and the Grangers however remained seated as Harry had to sign some papers concerning his emancipation. After that was done, Harry thought for a moment before speaking to Griphook.

"How do I transfer the ownership of a property?" he asked the goblin.

"You simply state the fact whilst inside the house, and name the person you want to transfer ownership to. That person must be present at the change of ownership charm" Griphook added, and Harry nodded before he and the Grangers left for something to eat. After that, came the trip to the Ministry to file papers to be Hermione's magical guardian. He had discovered that Dumbledore was Hermione's only on word of mouth. No actual evidence could be found, other then that which had his signature on. After that, the Grangers and Harry returned to the Granger home so that he could start sending messages.

#

Harry had decided to turn in early, and he went upstairs to sleep. This gave Michael and Jane the chance they needed to speak with Hermione.

"Exactly why do you want to go to another school?" asked her father.

"Is it because of the fact that you like him?" asked her mother. "You'll be a long way away from us for visits" she added. Hermione thought about her answer before replying.

"Where Harry goes, I will follow" the bushy haired teen said to her parents. "I will follow him, follow him wherever he may go. And near him I always will be for nothing can keep me away – he is my destiny.

I will follow him! Ever since he touched my heart I knew, there isn't an ocean too deep or mountain so high it can keep... keep me away – away from his love" Hermione finished passionately.

"That was all we wanted to know" said her parents, and they said that she had better get to sleep as the Owls would be arriving early from America in the morning as they would be finding out if they had been given entry to the Salem Institute or not.

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"Harry!" Hermione came bursting into the room where Harry had only just finished dressing. "We got letters from Salem" and Hermione handed Harry his letter.

"What's yours say?" asked Harry.

"I've been accepted" his girlfriend replied.

"I've not" Harry said.

"WHAT?" Hermione said loudly. "How could they?" and then she saw Harry grinning at her.

"Gotcha!" he said, and then looked at her. "I've been accepted. It says that someone will be here today at noon. He will tell us stuff about the Institute better than the brochure and answer any questions we have about the place" and then the two went down for a big breakfast.

"I take it that you got accepted?" asked Jane.

"We both did" Harry said. "It seems that someone is going to visit here today" he added, and passed his letter over to the Grangers and Hermione did the same.

“We are doing the right thing right?” Hermione said to Harry.

“Of course” Harry replied, and then leaned over to kiss her on the cheek. Hermione blushed before starting on her bacon, tomatoes, sausages, beans, mushrooms, hash browns, fried bread and orange juice. Hermione liked her breakfast quite a bit Harry had discovered over the years.

“As long as I don’t go back to Hogwarts, then I’m fine with it all” Harry said, and he tucked into an identical plate of what Hermione was demolishing.

#

Harry and the Grangers sat watching films while they waited for the visitor from Salem. He came during the afternoon just as they watched Robin Hood – Prince of Thieves. Harry had his arm around Hermione but it snapped away from her before he went for his wand.

“Who are you?” he asked the tall black man who had appeared in the middle of the living room.

“I’m Deputy Principal Michael Dorn. My apologies for entering your house like this, but your lawyer did say that it was important I was not seen entering the building” said the man who was dressed in robes with a yellow top and black bottom. He looked at Harry who was putting his wand away.

“You’re from the Salem Institute?” Hermione asked, and Dorn nodded.

“Yes” he said, “And I’m here to tell you more about the place and answer any questions you might have for me” and Hermione was the first to ask a question.

“What can you tell us about the school?” she asked.

“It is not as big as Hogwarts, and therefore holds fewer students in total. We hold about one half the total numbers at Hogwarts. We find that it makes better lessons for everyone if we have smaller classes. The school itself was completely rebuilt several years ago and can take non magical technology” and Hermione and Harry were impressed by that little bit of news from Dorn.

“What sort of stuff will work?” Harry asked.

“Videos, TVs, stereos” Dorn said.

“I’m going to buy a bigger trunk” Harry said suddenly.

“Why?” asked a puzzled Hermione.

“I’m bringing my Star Trek collection with me” Harry said.

“Right” Hermione laughed, “What lessons do you teach at the Institute?” she asked Dorn.

“We teach the same basics that you would get at Hogwarts. Everyone has to do Potions, Transfiguration, History of Magic, Defence against the Dark Arts and Herbology” Dorn said. “We also teach Muggle Studies, Care of Magical Creatures, Ancient Runes, Divination – though that is a very small class – and Astronomy” and Harry raised an eyebrow.

“That’s an optional?” he asked.

“Yes” Dorn said, “I hold that there is no need to study the stars. NASA does that job quite correctly. There are few other optionals such as Wizarding Government, but I don’t think that that will apply to you. I would imagine that you will be wanting to return to the UK after finishing your education” and Hermione and Harry nodded.

“We just want to get away from Albus Dumbledore” Hermione said, “I’m sure you know our reasons why” and Dorn nodded.

“I was told of them yes” he said. The man handed over two pieces of parchment from his robes which looked like the lists they had to choose from at the end of second year. “As it is close to the new term you will have to choose now” Dorn added.

“How many?” asked Harry.

“You may pick at least two” Dorn said, “Though most pick at least three” and Harry nodded.

“We’ll go in the kitchen” Hermione said, and she and Harry left her parents to talk to Dorn while she and Harry went to the kitchen to talk about subjects.

“So what do we take?” Harry asked his girlfriend. They discussed every option that they could take – except Wizarding Government.

“We should take Muggle Studies. We’d do that easily as we both got raised as them” Hermione replied, “And I think we should take Magical Creations class. It says here that you can design and make anything magical” and Harry agreed.

“I know that guy said most took at least three, but I think that we should stick with two. That way we have more time settle in” Harry said, and he and Hermione filled in the subjects they wished to take. They went back into the living room where they handed back the pieces of parchment to Dorn who put them in his robes. After much more discussion, Dorn left. Harry and Hermione contemplated Leaving Home.

A/N:

First – yes I did just reference this very fic in the last line!

Second: omh666 has been banned because of the amount of swearing he left in a review for another of my fics. While I don't mind the odd bad word or two in a review, seven of them is a little too much! He follows this up by leaving an anon review. I deleted it, but this is now a warning to him and any others (Dragon Symphony, desaires0220 and those others you know of...):

If I get anymore abusive and anon reviews, then I will disable the feature for a period of one week. This serves as the first warning

On to happier things...

There is a reference to Star Trek: The Next Generation – try and spot it.

Thanks to the 40 plus people who review this fic. Thanks to the four people who put this on their "Must Read" groups on this site – must be well liked.

Christmas Day reviews

On Christmas Day, I posted three chapters, Chapter 1 of this, Chapter 26 of I'm Not Going and Chapter 9 of The Great Hogwarts Road Trip. Between 1:40am GMT and 10:34 am GMT I received 68 messages containing notices of reviews for all three fics as well as the notices for alert adding, favoUrite (yanks: note the "U"!) and such. On the 27th, I got a staggering 110 messages from fanfiction.

Special Mentions therefore go to the follow users:

Alorkin

HGP

CelticWolfster

DarkHeart81

Jkarr

The Submarauder

Jim Red Hawk – hope you liked your present Jimmy!

GinnyLover14

red

Cateagle – Yes in reply to the wills question

Slashslut

Diimmortal

Airlady

#

Time for some explaining. Harry and Hermione will not be the only ones to be leaving Hogwarts. As my most loyal reviewers will know, I have a fondness for characters that do not get used very much in fanfics. Therefore certain characters from my other Harry Potter fics will be appearing. Some characters such as Salem's teaching staff will be the names of the loyalist reviews and my truest friends on here.

This is now on hold so that I can complete I'm Not Going and add a requested chapter for The Great Hogwarts Road Trip. Yup – people theres one more in it. I'll reveal the title of the chapter so it makes an even 10. Harry Potter and the chapter full of Star Trek References.

If you have any issues with this fic, then just know that it is my fic and my rules.

I do not own Harry Potter – I own Hermione Granger instead!

Reviews please

Pixel

The Flight Of The Wild Geese

The letters from Hogwarts came later that afternoon, and each felt a little bulgy in the envelopes which they arrived in. Harry looked at Hermione before casting a spell on it to check for any jinxes and curses. After he found known on either of the letters, Harry opened his carefully. As well as the lists for all of the books for that year, there was also a small letter for him.

Dear Mr Potter

May I say again how sorry I am about Sirius's death, and that I very much regret it occurred. After the return of Tom Riddle, you will understand when I request that you do not enter Hogsmeade this year as the danger to you will be great. This is only a request though, so you do not have to follow it.

You will have to be trained more and more this year, so I request that you sever all friendships except the one to Miss Granger. With her, you will have to limit the amount that you have to talk to her. This is because of the fact that you will have almost no spare time after the training I shall give you. This sadly means that you will not be able to play Quidditch this year, so you will hand in your Quidditch robes. However, I am making you a Prefect due to the hard work you will be doing with me this year. I am sure that you will see my point of view, and hope to hear from you confirming everything that I have said.

Albus Dumbledore

OoM 1st Class Chief Warlock Supreme Mugwamp.

"The crazy old bastard" Harry said, "Actually telling me that I have to cut ties with everyone except Hermione, and that I must stop talking to her so much" and he shook his head. "And as for ordering me to hand over my Quidditch robes. I pay for those robes and not him" and he fell silent as Hermione looked up from her letter.

“I agree with what you said, Harry” she told him.

“What does yours say?” Harry asked his girlfriend.

“He says that I have to cut down talking to you on account of you training to be a weapon to defeat evil, and that I should be start thinking of being friends with Ron Weasley more then I normally am” Hermione looked at Harry. “I think he is telling me to be Ron’s girlfriend” and Harry exploded.

“Well if he wants to do try that – let him!” he said hotly, “I’ve an idea that will allow me to tell everyone at Hogwarts what Dumbledore has done to my life” and he spoke of his plan to Hermione.

“I thought” she said slowly, “That I was the clever one” after Harry had explained his plan.

“I wish I could see the look on Dumbledore’s face” Harry said. “But we will be on our way to America by then” and Hermione wondered how they would be going there in the first place.

“If we take a long distance Portkey from the Ministry, then they will surely tell Dumbledore of our departure” and Harry again outshone her that day.

“We take Concorde” he said simply. “It is at least six hours behind us in New York, then all we have to do is to catch a connecting flight to as close as possible to Salem, and then work our way from there. If we see magical people in New York, then we can simply ask them to direct us to a point where we can get to their Ministry – or whatever they call it in the States” and Hermione agreed it was a good plan. They threw the letters in the fire place just as Hermione’s parents came in. the pair explained to them what had happened, and told the adults that Harry and Hermione would still be going to the Salem Institute. There would be a few things needed like Harry getting a

passport, and Hermione needing some new swimming outfits. This proved to be far more than just an average shopping trip however for the two teenagers.

#

“Personally I like all three choices” Harry said in reply to Hermione’s latest question. Hermione beamed before going back into the changing room to go back to her regular clothes. Harry looked around the shop as he suspected that members of the Order of the Phoenix had been following him and Hermione round the shopping centre. For one short moment, he thought he had seen Nymphadora Tonks. Hermione came out a few minutes later with all the things she wanted to buy. They paid for the items at the checkout and then went to join Hermione’s parents at the lifts. Harry looked over his shoulder and was now convinced that he, and possibly Hermione as well, had been followed all over the place and Harry was beginning to get mad.

“Something up?” Hermione asked him.

“I think Tonks is following us” Harry replied in a low whisper. Hermione looked behind them to see that Tonks was indeed about hundred feet away from me. The pair told Michael and Jane about their tail, and so they left at once. Harry was furious that Dumbledore was following him around like he needed guarding all the time. This was one of the reasons he was glad he would be leaving Hogwarts – he could actually not have the chance of having a year without being nearly killed. Hermione shared his sentiments, and also hoped that Harry could have a normal school year.

#

That evening, after dinner, the Grangers and Harry sat in the living room and thought about a film to watch.

“It is your turn, Harry” Hermione said.

“I want a comedy” he replied, “But not a modern thing. I’m in the mood for a classic cheesy laughter sort of a film” and he thought about it for some time before a slow smile spread over his face.

“I take it you have one?” asked Jane.

“Yes” Harry said, “It’s become a firm favourite of mine – and not a Star Trek film either” he added.

“Oh?” said Hermione, “What is it then?” she asked her boyfriend.

“You’ll see” Harry told her, and he went over to the video library, pulled one out, took it out of the case and put in the video player. After a few moments, the unmistakable sounds of the title music to *On The Buses* filled the room. Harry loved it very much as he found the comedy so easy to predict and the script was cheesy. That was why he liked it so much as it was two guys sticking it to the bosses and living life in the sixties. Harry privately wondered what Hermione would look like in an extremely short skirt or dress. They watched the other two films in the series, and then went off to bed. As they parted at Hermione’s bedroom door, she and Harry kissed each other goodnight. They wished they could sew the look on Dumbledore’s face when he discovered what Harry had got the Daily Prophet to do with their front page tomorrow evening. As it was, they would be well on their way to the Salem Institute.

#

Harry woke the next day bright and early, showered and dressed and then made his way down to the kitchen where Hermione was already up.

“Morning, Harry” she said, and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “I thought that I would make breakfast today” and Harry’s face maintained the smile it had before.

“that’s... that’s nice” he said. Hermione picked up the hesitation in his words, and turned to face him.

“I know I am not a good cook or anything, but I’ve been reading some books on the subject and so I thought of giving it a go” Hermione said, and went back to the bacon and eggs she was frying. A second pan held some Cumberland sausages and Harry smiled as she knew they were his favourite type. Because of the fact that the Institute could take some non magical items, Harry was bringing a small fridge and a few days supply of them.

“I think they will be brilliant” Harry said to her.

“Really?” she asked of him, “You don’t have to eat it if you don’t want to” Hermione added. Harry decided to tease his girlfriend a little as was his right.

“Of course I’ll eat them” he told her, “I’m a Gryffindor. We’re supposed to face danger bravely” and Hermione glared at him before she burst into giggles.

As they sat and had breakfast, the pair discussed what they would be doing that day. Harry wondered about anyone trying to stop him from leaving the country, whereas Hermione was wondering about if she had got enough books with her. Harry had already brought her two large interior trunks for her books. Was it too late to get another one? Michael and Jane came down to see that Harry had indeed survived Hermione’s cooking and asked for some themselves. Hermione looked as pleased as punch at the request and set to work on cooking the food. After they had all finished, Harry and Hermione went upstairs for the trunks. This took less than five minutes to do as the pair shrunk them to fit better in the car. The garage had only enough space for one car until Harry paid for a large extension to allow it to fit a few more cars in. Not including the Granger family car – a Ford Mondeo - a Jaguar, Land Rover and Datsun Prairie sat

inside. There was also a Austin Maestro taking pride of place in the middle of the expanded garage. It was painted in dark apple green, with the outside done with tiny little red trimmings. When asked why he wanted one of those, Harry shrugged and said that he liked the look of it. Hermione was sure he liked it because it provided the best possible snogging space in the back. If she was correct, then the girl was not going to complain at all.

“All done?” asked Jane as she slipped into the driver’s seat.

“All ready” Harry replied as he fastened his seat belt. He had remarked on several occasions that he didn’t need to wear one as he would simply create a shield for other cars to bounce off of. Both adult Grangers had refused to let Harry use his magic for something like that, and so Harry clunked and clicked with every trip. The drive to the airport was made in the Mondeo and they pulled out of the garage and headed off towards the motorway. Once on it, they headed towards London and Heathrow Airport. Hermione went over the flight details again while Harry nodded in agreement. He had never flown in an aircraft before and so was looking forward to the trip. He understood from Hermione that it was an enjoyable experience but Harry said he would make up his own mind thank you. The two of them boarded the plane which took off and climbed into the air. They had reached one of the properties that Harry owned in America when things got interesting Hogwarts.

#

Everyone in the hall wondered where Harry Potter and Hermione Granger had got to. Neither of them had been seen in public since the reading of Sirius’s will. The pair had not boarded the train, but most had assumed that they had got to Hogwarts via a different method. When they had not appear at the Gryffindor table as per normal the rumours went round the hall. Students exchanged gossip as they looked at Dumbledore for clues – but he looked as puzzled as the rest of them. Ronald Weasley looked around and wondered

where Hermione was. According to plan, he was to have her for himself while Ginny got Harry. His afore mentioned sister also looked as annoyed as her brother at the total lack of Harry. At the end of the feast, and before Dumbledore could rise and speak, hundreds of Owls entered the hall and dropped off a copy of that evenings Prophet. Dumbledore read his copy and was instantly furious at what it said.

Why I Have Left

By

Harry James Potter

By now, my presence has been noted as missing from Hogwarts, and I am taking this chance to explain why. Albus Dumbledore – supposed all round good egg – has interfered with my life for the last time. For most of my life, I have lived with the worst kind of muggle that you could meet. Don't paint all muggles like this though, as most of them are very friendly. My Aunt, Uncle and Cousin treated me as a slave and a punch bag while I lived with them. If anything went wrong, then I was blamed for it, and punished with beatings so severe that I would pass out. A few times even had me going to the muggle hospital, but that old crackpot would always interfere.

However, it is not that which I wish to speak about. Every year for the last five years, Dumbledore has been getting me to defeat more and more powerful people and creatures that are in the Dark Arts. This year I spent the summer with my best friend Hermione Granger, and he actually tried to stop me attending the will reading of Sirius Orion Black – my godfather. Not only that, but he sent me a letter a few days later with instructions... no... ORDERS to stop speaking to my friends and to more or less get together with Ginny Weasley. Below is a list of things that Dumbledore has done to interfere with my life. And I have not forgotten that he did nothing about what he did concerning the Blood Quills used on me by Delores Umbridge when

she was teaching at Hogwarts.

A list was printed below for all to see and read. This caused Dumbledore to get some accusing looks from students and staff alike. The headmaster started to think how he could get out of this one without anything sticking to him.

Because of this, I can no longer be in a place where he can decide on my entire life. As a result of this, I, Harry James Potter, do hereby quit the Gryffindor Quidditch Team and remove my name from the list of students who attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Hermione Jane Granger has done the same. We will now be attending the Salem Institute to complete out schooling and hope to come back to a better magical Britain. These newspapers are also Portkeys. These are powerful enough to get past the wards around the castle, and only those who are truly my friends will be able to see the activation words at the bottom.

Post can still reach me- Owls will know where to find me

Harry Potter

Silence reigned as they finished reading the entire front page of the paper, and they all saw the look on Dumbledore's face. It was a mixture of many different types of anger – as if he had lost something valuable to him. It was a long five minutes before there was the sound of scraping chairs and feet as a student stood slowly up.

“Accio Trunks” said the red haired witch. There was still more silence until the summoned trunks came in the hall, and grounded at the witch's feet. Then another witch also stood up and raised her wand.

“Accio Trunks” said the second one. Her trunks also appeared by her feet, and the two of them picked up the copies of the paper and looked down to read something, then turned to face the top table.

“Albus Dumbledore, you are a total wanker”, and both Hannah Abbot and Susan Bones did the impossible, and vanished from inside Hogwarts.

A/N:

Bet you didn't see THAT coming!

Hee hee (laughs heartily)

Well tell me what you think is going to happen!

Pixel

Who Else Escaped?

The two of them looked around at wherever they had appeared, but no signs of life existed in the room. They had appeared in what looked like a large sitting room and they explored the ground floor and found nothing odd. What they did find was a fair sized kitchen, a pantry, a pair of storerooms at either end of the ground floor and what looked to be a an empty room. The pair had tried different sorts of detection charms, but nothing appeared. They therefore assumed that the empty looking room was indeed an empty room. They looked through one of the kitchen windows and saw a lush green landscape. This gave them no clues as to where they had arrived at. It was a shared belief though that they could expect Harry and Hermione to make an entrance anytime soon.

“Now what do we do?” asked the first witch.

“What about getting some tea?” suggested the second witch.

#

Hogwarts

Gryffindor Common Room

“I can’t believe that Hannah and Susan left like that. I mean it was like an instant decision” said Dean that night in the common room.

“Well Madam Bones is going to be royally pissed” remarked Neville.

“I could see the activation words at the bottom” said Parvati. The new 6th year Gryffindors had grouped together in one corner of the common room, and everyone seemed to be leaving them to their own devices, though this might have had something to do with the privacy charms cast around them. Seamus looked at her before replying.

“I know that I was acting stupid towards Harry last year, but I could see them too” he said.

“The question is: Do we go and follow Hannah and Susan?” asked Lavender.

“I’m not sure” said Dean.

“Well with Harry gone” Neville said, “Malfoy is going to rule this place with his band of snakes and Death Eater relations. I’m seriously thinking of quitting Hogwarts and taking my chances with Harry – wherever he is” and the others had to agree with him on that point.

“Perhaps we should wait and see what happens” said Parvati again.

“But what if Dumbledore does something to stop people getting out of the castle?” asked Dean.

“We could simply pack our stuff, shrink our trunks, go down to the broom shed and fly far enough away to get past the main gates” Seamus said.

“Mmm” Lavender said, and then she suddenly thought of something. “What about the Lovegood girl?” and they understood the concern. She was going to be a prime target with Harry gone for Malfoy to attack – not counting Neville of course.

#

It was the next morning when all of the 6th year Gryffindors ended up in the Hospital Wing. Luna Lovegood had also ended up there after being physically assaulted by Malfoy and his goons while Professor Severus Snape watched on. Dumbledore of course did not want to hear bad about Snape, and so he did not give out any punishments to any of the Slytherins. When they had seen the state that Luna had

been brought in in – blood pouring from head forehead, nose and other places – the Gryffindors had decided that enough was enough. Dean went over and asked Luna if she was going to join them in leaving Hogwarts.

“You would get away from Malfoy and his group” said Parvati in a low voice. “I know that we didn’t talk much to you last year in the DA, but any friend of Harry’s is a friend of mine” and she put out her hand which Luna took slowly. It was as if she didn’t quite believe her own eyes.

“We’ll go back and get all of our stuff before trying the Portkeys. If they don’t work, then we steal some brooms from the shed and fly out of the wards and try from the other side of the gates” Lavender said. Luna was silent for a while until replied to anything that was said to her.

“A lot of my stuff will have been stolen and hidden by other people in Ravenclaw, so I will need to get them back” she said, and Neville nodded.

“We can walk you back to Ravenclaw, get your stuff, shrink your trunk, then get out with us and we leg it” Seamus said.

“Alright” Luna said, and that is what they did.

They wrote a message to Madam Pomfrey explaining that the six of them had discharged themselves and had returned to their houses to shower and change into some nice clean and fresh robes. After they had done that, they wrote out individual notes to Professor McGonagall – Professor Flitwick in Luna’s case – explaining that they could no longer be at a Hogwarts that allowed Malfoy’s bullying to go unpunished. They gathered in the library with trunks in their pockets and tried the Portkeys, but as they expected, they didn’t work now. Their solution was to go down to the broom sheds and take a broom each and fly outside of the protection. Their shed was

locked up, but one good blast from Neville's wand blew the door clean off the hinges.

"Remind me to never get on your bad side" said Dean. They took a broom each and soared into the sky, and headed off towards the main gates. As they did so, they passed over the greenhouses, and they could see Professor Sprout gazing up at them in puzzlement. The Gryffindors and Slytherins also looked up from the Care of Magical Creatures class and they could see them all wondering what was going on. They reached the edge of the school grounds, but found an invisible barrier which prevented them from leaving by air. Knowing that this would have set off alarms in Dumbledore's office which would mean him coming to investigate, they dropped to almost ground level and flew through the gates themselves. The six of them landed at once just as Dumbledore appeared holding the tail of his Phoenix.

"What are you doing outside the school?" he asked. "I suggest that you better get back inside and go to your lessons" the headmaster smiled as if they would obey him without question. He was very much mistaken in this case as it turned out!

"Not this time, Professor Dumbledore" said Seamus, and the six took the copies of the Prophet from inside their robes.

"I insist you give me those at once" Dumbledore thundered.

"ALBUS DUMBLEDORE! YOU ARE A TOTAL WANKER!" said the group in a loud voice, and the Portkeys activated at once and removed them from the grounds.

#

"Whatever happens, I can not get the door to open" Hannah said.

"I bet that it is something that Harry came up with" Susan said. "We

get in and stay safe in here from anyone trying to get us back to Hogwarts" and Hannah nodded.

"It does sound like something he would do" she agreed. "But I wouldn't worry too much really. Wherever he is, he is still alive as the wards would vanish if he died" and Susan looked at her friend.

"If Harry dies, then we might just as well wave a white flag at Voldemort and surrender" the former Hufflepuff said. "No, I'm more concerned as to what my Aunt is going to say when she finds out I've run off" Susan added.

"As long as you are safe, I don't think she will mind too much here you are" Hannah said, and sipped her second cup of tea. Both girls still ran on UK time which explained the fact they were awake at 12AM local time. It was the consensus of both girls that they had arrived in America, but where they did not know exactly. They were drinking from their cups when a series of pops could be heard coming from the living room. The cups went straight onto the saucers, and wands came out.

"Stun them?" suggested Susan, and her best friend agreed without argument. They crept slowly to the door and heard voices coming from the other side. One quick push of the door and both ex-Hufflepuffs burst into the room and pointed their wands at a startled group of people they knew well enough.

"What are you doing here?" they asked each other at the same time.

"The first hour after breakfast and Malfoy put us all in the hospital wing. Snape comes along and takes points from us for defending ourselves. Dumbledore intends to only give Malfoy detention for just one attack, so we decided to do what you did. He's strengthened the protective barriers around the castle and grounds though, so we nicked some brooms and flew to outside the gates and activated the Portkeys" said Dean.

“Harry around?” asked Neville, looking around the sitting room for the now fellow ex-Gryffindor.

“No” Hannah said, “But we’ve not seen him either/ we think that maybe he and Hermione have stopped off somewhere and then decided to complete the journey” she added, putting her wand back into her pocket.

“So... where are we?” asked Parvati.

“We have to be somewhere in America” Susan said, “But the doors are locked and we can’t get out – even using the standard unlocking charms. We even tried Bombarda, but the door simply absorbed the power” and the new arrivals just looked around.

“Guess we wait for Harry and Hermione then” said Seamus. “But what do we do for now?” he asked.

“I don’t know” said Susan.

“But we’ve got a giant pot of tea brewed” Hannah added.

“Lead on, oh mighty one” said Lavender with a smile, and they all went into the kitchen, made tea, and brought it into the sitting room. When they sat down on chairs and sofas, the fireplace sprang into life and started to warm them with a roaring fire.

“Personally” Luna said, speaking for the first time since getting to the house, “I can not wait to see what Harry’s face will be when he sees us all. I do not expect he thought of ten people leaving Hogwarts” and the others looked at her with some puzzlement.

“How do you get to that number?” asked Parvati.

“There is the six that just escaped, Hannah and Susan who are

already here plus Harry and Hermione. That makes a nice round ten" Luna said, and the others couldn't fault her for the math.

"Well wherever he is, I would like to thank Harry for allowing us the chance to get out of Hogwarts" Luna said. "He was the first person that ever called me a friend, and..." the girl fell silent.

"We understand" said Lavender quietly, and she put an arm around Luna's shoulder. "We all wouldn't be here if it wasn't for Harry, and I don't mean the Portkeys either. He has survived attacks from You-Know-Who a few times and survived. If Harry hadn't somehow stopped him as a baby, then I doubt some of us would be here" she added.

"I know I wouldn't" Dean said. He was muggleborn after all, and Dean was unlikely to ever be top on Voldemort's Christmas Card List.

"Neither would I" Seamus said, "You-Know-Who hated the Irish" he shrugged, but the others wisely decided to drop the matter.

"I'm tired out" said Hannah after a while. She looked over to the large Grandfather put it was showing only American time. "Feels like I've been up for two days" and she stretched out her arms and yawned.

"We'd all better try to get some sleep" Parvati advised.

"I hope we don't miss Harry and Hermione getting here. We will know won't we?" asked Luna as she followed Hannah and Susan up a large set of stairs.

"Oh we'll know when Harry gets here" Neville said with a laugh, "We'll know when he gets here" and he ended up like the others on the beginning of a large corridor.

"These" said Susan, gesturing at the corridor with a wave of her hand, "Are bedrooms. Me and Hannah already have the first two on the

right, but the others are all free. There are two more on this floor, and four on the next floor. The one above that only has a little landing before you hit a door that's locked" she finished.

"That has to be the master bedroom" Neville said, and he walked off to find his bedroom for at least the night. He and everyone else knew that Hermione would be sharing a bedroom with Harry. They had not a single problem with that, and the girls wondered if they could ask about Harry's staying power.

#

Harry and Hermione woke early the next morning, and it took them a while to figure out that they had not gone to Hogwarts. They showered, dressed and went down for breakfast which they both enjoyed. When they had arrived in New York, the pair had decided to break the journey to the house into two parts. Hermione took the chance to purchase some books on American history, while Harry had looked up flights to airport before meeting up with Hermione for an open top bus ride.

"No matter where you go" he had said to Hermione while on the bus, "You will always find a Routemaster" and Hermione had smiled before leaning into Harry and enjoyed the ride. The bus ride – not Harry.

When they had finished breakfast, they retrieved their trunks and then checked out before getting a taxi to the airport. They boarded the plane for Logan International Airport and Harry marvelled at the sight of the ground rushing beneath him. This was only his second time in a plane, and he considered that looking down from his Firebolt didn't really count in this case. Besides the fact that Hermione was next to him on this occasion, no broom stick had ever achieved 33,050ft before. One they had landed, the pair looked at a picture of the house that Harry owned near the Salem Institute, and they concentrated on apperating to the front door. Harry was about to

put his hand on the door before pulling away and getting his wand out from his pocket.

“Something wrong?” asked Hermione.

“People inside” Harry replied, “It might be those people who got here, but it could also be a party of the Fried Chicken Wings club waiting to take me and you back to Hogwarts by force” and Hermione nodded before pulling out her wand as well. Harry opened the door and they went inside. Nobody was in view, but they could be under concealment charms or otherwise disguised.

WHO ARE YOU? Asked a voice.

“The house wants to know who you are” Hermione said, “So it can accept you as its owner” she added. Harry nodded and addressed the house.

“My name is Harry James Potter” he said, “Son of James and Lilly Potter. I am this house as is my given right from inheritance” and there was a little pale blue light that entered Harry before the house spoke again.

WELCOME, MASTER HARRY!” it said. THERE ARE ALREADY PEOPLE HERE it added. At that moment, there was the sound of feet running down the stairs and the pair turned to see Hannah, Susan, Lavender, Luna, Dean, Seamus, Neville and both of the Patil twins come down.

“HARRY!” they said at once. Hugs, handshakes and kisses later, and Harry and Hermione had been told all that had happened. Harry was furious over the whole Malfoy incident, but glad that they had all managed to get here safely. One thing puzzled him though, and he asked Padma the circumstances of her arrival at the house. It turned out that while not a true friend of Harry’s, the bond she had with her twin had helped her to activate the Portkey and bring her here. It was

much of a surprise to her as it was to Parvati and the others when she had turned up inside the house.

“So...” Neville said, “What do we do now?” he asked, and Harry turned to him.

“I have a meeting with the Institute’s deputy tomorrow” he said, “And I’ll ask him to give you all places as well” and Neville seemed happy with that. But before he could mutter another word, there was a pop, and a familiar voice spoke.

“Harry Potter?”

A/N:

Am I not a meanie for ending like that?!!? If you have any ideas as to who might have entered the house at the end of the chapter, then by all means suggest.

Now I know I said I was going on a break, and so I shall, but there is an extra few days, and I wanted to get this out of the way before going to York (the place I’m going train spotting at).

The other reason I have posted is because I want to draw your attention to a review sent to my other fanfic, “I’m Not Going”. The user calling themselves Emeraldessence posted what can only be described as an out and out attack on the storyline and plots. You’ll find it on the first page when you read the reviews, or just select chapter 4 of the I’m not Going reviews – either way you’ll find it. I demand an apology from him/her, and if I do not receive one by 11am on the day I next post, then a state of war shall exist between myself and my allies comprising of my most loyal reviewers, and this... person. By the way, if you click on the users pen name, then you will find no actual stories written. How can you send a bad review to someone if you do not write something yourself? If you send him a message, then please send me a copy in a PM –NOT A REVIEW!

Anyway... on to better things..

Well done to all those who guessed Michael Dorn – Lt. Commander Worf from Star Trek TNG and also DS9. Special mention to Professor Albus Martin and Cateagle who mentioned the fact I had even described the uniform. No references for this chapter I'm afraid as I thought your brains could all do with a nice rest.

For the next chapter, we'll see the meeting, and Harry writing for and getting permission for a cool thing to be granted to him and his friends. We'll also see the reactions of other people to the mass withdrawl of pupils.

I would like to announce something to you. Me and Miz636 have joined forces to co-write a fic. As it wouldn't be fair to post it on one or the other's page, we have created the account with the name of 'The Miz-Pixel Corp'. you'll find all of my Harry Potter fics as favourites as well as Miz's. We haven't got anything yet posted yet, but we are working on it. What we do have is a message to you all, and you can just search for us... tell me what you think of the funny thing at the end of the homepage on The Miz-Pixel Corp!

Oh, nearly forgot. I have a poll running on my homepage, please vote.

Hope you enjoyed this chapter, and if you wish to suggest something, then by all means please do so. All suggestions are read and considered – after all, I value your comments

Reviews and PM's in the normal manner

Pixel

Settling In – Dumbledore's Reactions

Harry turned to look at the owner of the voice, but he found nobody at all. He adjusted his view downwards and saw one of the only house elves he liked – Dobby. He was dressed in a white sheet which he wore like a toga, and a tea cosy that was perched on his head. He turned right round to see Harry looking at him, and a big smile crossed over his face.

“HARRY POTTER SIR!” he said, and raced over and hugged Harry’s legs.

“Nice to see you as well, Dobby” he said, patting the top of the elf’s covered head. “So what brings you here?” Harry asked.

“Dobby read all about Harry Potter’s leaving of Hogwarts” Dobby said, and he pried himself away from Harry’s left leg. “Dobby thinks and thinks, and says to himself that the bestest way to help his friend Harry Potter, is to leave Hogwarts and offer my services to you” and Harry looked to the others.

“Not bad at all” Dean said, “Only a few hours here, and you have your own elf” and some of them laughed. Hermione though frowned as she thought of something, and then spoke to Harry in a whisper. Harry nodded several times before addressing the expectant elf.

“I have decided that I will take you into my service” he said, and Harry would have sworn the elf grew several inches. “I will pay you the sum of one Galleon a week, and every Friday evening off. What about that?” Harry offered.

“Dobby accepts!” Dobby said, and he looked very happy indeed. “Does my master have any rules for Dobby to follow?” the elf asked.

“Wait a moment” Harry said, and he went into conference with the others. Five minutes later, and Harry had a short list of rules for

Dobby to follow. "The first rule is that you do not call me master, or call anyone a formal name. The only exception is when I declare a formal occasion at the house or any other place. The second is that you do not punish yourself at all. If you think you have done something wrong, then come and tell one of us. We shall decide what to do with you accordingly. Rule three is this: failure to keep at least three Cumberland sausages under magical preservation will result in instant dismissal from my service" and Dobby accept this as well. He did however have a question for Harry, and Harry told him to go ahead.

"Would Harry Potter mind if I brought someone to your employment?" Dobby said.

"Who is that?" asked Susan.

"Dobby has a friend called Winky, Miss" Dobby replied. "She works at Hogwarts as well after her last master threw her out for telling the truth. Freedom has not been very kind to Winky, to tell the truth, and her behaviour has been... shocking" Dobby hesitated before saying the last word.

"What do you mean, Dobby?" asked Seamus.

"Winky has been... offering herself to the other male house elves" Dobby said, and a tear fell from his eyes. Harry looked at the elf, and decided upon something.

"Go back and get Winky, Dobby" he ordered, and Dobby beamed before vanishing with a pop. Two or three minutes later and he appeared with Winky. The other house elf appeared to be in a terrible state. Her clothes, such as they were, appeared to have not been cleaned in some time, and she appeared to be drunk or suffering from a hangover. Hermione begged Harry to take her into his service before she went too far to be saved.

“Please” she whispered, and Hermione kissed Harry on the cheek.

“Winky?” Harry said to the elf, but she made no sign that she was aware of him. Harry did something that would bring her out of the stupor – he smacked her hard on the face. The sharp pain brought her around, and she focused on Harry.

“Harry Potter?” she asked slurring her speech, and Harry quietly spoke.

“My good friend Dobby has told me a few things about you” Harry said, “Would you like to come and serve my house?” he asked. Winky nodded carefully. Harry explained the same rules he had done with Dobby, and Winky accepted – even the wages.

The group went back up to sleep off the different time zones between the UK and the USA, and Harry gave instructions for Dobby and Winky to wake them up at 7AM local time. They accepted the instruction and then went around the house to see what needed to be fixed or otherwise sorted out after the time spent unoccupied. Tea bags, milk and sugar appeared to be the only things in the pantry so Dobby went off in search of food to last them a few days. After that, the group from Hogwarts would be at the Institute and would not require the house to be stocked up so much. While he was out, Winky went around the ground floor and made a list of all the furniture, it being part of her house elf duties after all. Dobby returned an hour later with several large brown paper bags containing things for the pantry and kitchen. The two elves put the fruit, vegetables, meat, eggs, cheese and everything else away before finding somewhere to sleep.

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Dobby did as instructed, and woke them all up at 7AM as asked to, and then brought them cups of tea in bed. Years of serving the Malfoys had taught him one very useful thing – people need tea

before doing anything else. A discovery of two bathrooms enabled them to shower without a large line forming outside, but Harry had discovered that he had one in his suite for his own use. He would use it in the morning, and use the two in the corridor for other times. The Deputy Principal of the Institute would be meeting them to explain more about the school later that morning, and Harry wondered about his reaction when he saw more pupils wanting to attend the school. Dorn would also tell them about the uniform, the school rules and answer any questions they might have. He met the rest of the escapees downstairs in the kitchen where the elves had made platters of food to eat. After the stuff had been cleared away, they did what they wanted until Dorn came, and Hermione went to see what books the house stocked. She was glad she had done so, as she had discovered several rare books such as *Three of Eight*, *Not The Only Red Head* and a first edition copy of *The Darling Buds of May*, a favourite of both Harry and Hermione. Lavender, Parvati and Padma talked about fashion as always, Dean had discovered an art studio and, with Harry's permission, claimed it as his own. He was joined by Luna who was also a fair artist. Neville, helped by Seamus, went into the garden to see what plants grew, while Hannah and Susan discussed what her Aunt would say when she found out that her niece had left Hogwarts and followed Harry to a new country and school. Hannah said that she might even send Aurors to take her back by force, but Susan disagreed with her. They knew that Harry would fight them all before they had chance to get to her, but she decided to write her Aunt a letter explaining what had happened, and why she had left Hogwarts and the UK. While all this was going on, Harry was busy reading the *Daily Prophet* which Dobby had got for him – though how Harry didn't ask.

WIZARDING BRITAIN REACTS

It has been revealed that not only have Harry Potter and his friend, Hermione Granger, left Hogwarts to attend a different school, but other students have also left. According to eyewitnesses, both Hannah Abbott and Susan Bone, niece of the DMLE head Amelia

Bones, left during the start of term feast. The next day, all remaining 6th Year Gryffindors, apart from Ronald Weasley left, as well as a 5th and 6th Year Ravenclaws. According to some reports, the group took brooms and flew to the boundaries of the grounds. After encountering strong wards, it appears they landed and walked through the gates. If one report is to be believed, it was at this point that Professor Dumbledore attempted to stop them from leaving, but the group activated the Portkeys and left to a location only Mr Potter knows of. When questioned about Mr Potter and his friends leaving Hogwarts, Professor Dumbledore had this to say:

“While this is disturbing, I do not believe that any harm will happen to the missing students. Mr Potter suffered a recent loss and is therefore not mentally competent at the moment. In order to protect his interests, I will be filing to be granted control of his family assets, in order to protect them from any possible threats. If Harry is reading this, then I would like to ask him to return so that I may help him to train in order to defeat Lord Voldemort”

When he was asked about the security of Hogwarts after the apperating of two students from the Great Hall, Dumbledore replied:

“I have cast stronger wards around the castle, and that will stop anyone from apperating into Hogwarts .in these troubled times, we must take extra security measures. Once again, I ask Mr Potter to return to Hogwarts and allow me to train him for the fight against Voldemort”

When asked about the filing of the papers, Professor Dumbledore replied that Mr Potter would be forced to attend the hearing as his mental state had been called into question. He also said that if Mr Potter was declared competent, then he would be given him the chance to turn control of the assets to himself while Mr Potter had more important things on his mind

“WHO THE FUCK DOES HE THINK HE IS?” Harry shouted in anger.

“Professor Albus Dumbledore” Dobby replied, then moved away when he saw that it had not helped at all to calm Harry down. The others came rushing in to see what had caused Harry to blow his top. He created copies of the paper to let them read the article, and it was Hermione who spoke first.

“The smegging bastard” she said. “He knows you got emancipated, so the smug idiot wants to get you declared mentally incompetent. We’ll have to go back to Britain for this hearing you know” Hermione added.

“I thought as much” Harry said.

“We’ll come as well” said Dean.

“You trusted us enough to make us your true friends” Hannah said.

“I don’t think that Hermione could take a year without Harry” Lavender said, and Hermione glared at her.

“Leaving Hogwarts was the best thing we did” said Neville.

“If Dumbledore wants us to go back, then I’m not going” said Luna loyally.

“I think that leaving home was good” Hermione said, though I can always visit my parents anytime I want to” and they all said that they would return with Harry to support him at his hearing. Harry thanked each and every one of them, and then there was a repeated series of three chimes sounding through the house. Harry instantly went for his wand, and sent Dobby to open the door.

“Good Morning” the elf said, “Can I help you?” he asked the person.

“I have an appointment with Harry Potter and Hermione Granger”

said a male voice, "My name is Michael Dorn" and Dobby glanced at Harry who nodded an alright to him. Dorn entered the house and was shown into the sitting room, though Harry still kept his wand trained on the man.

"What colour robes did you wear when you came to see us at Hermione's house?" he asked him.

"Yellow robes down to my waist. It was black from there on, and I also had black shoulders on them as well" Dorn said calmly. Harry flipped his wand up and to one side and put it away. Dean and Seamus looked at Dorn as if they knew him from somewhere, and it was Dean who asked the question.

"Forgive me, but I'm muggle born" he began, "Are you a Klingon?" Dean asked.

"No" Dorn replied, "But I play one on TV" and then he looked at Harry. "I didn't know that you would be having friends round" and Harry shook his head.

"They are here because they are my truest friends, and also because they can not put up with the bullying attitude by certain members of the students at Hogwarts" Harry said. "I was hoping that they could join me at Salem" and Dorn frowned and scratched his chin in thought.

"I should think we can just about manage that" he said at last, "Though the dorms would be overfilled. We have some miniature house when a large amount of people visit for a while. I will talk to the Principal later today and ask him about it. To be honest though, I can not see any problems with it at all. Now I came here to answer any questions you might have so ask away" Dorn said. Hermione was the first to ask a question.

"What are the names of the houses?" she enquired.

“We have four houses which are called Lovell, Washington, Mayflower and Pocahontas” Dorn said.

“What I want to know is what sort of uniform is required? Because we are entering so late in the day, we will need to get a move on before the term starts in a few days” Harry said.

“We do not have a formal school uniform, except for those days when it is a special occasion. In that case, we ask that everyone wear black capes and robes – not unlike your Hogwarts Robes I believe” Dorn said. They asked many questions, and received many answers in return. They got told that they did not require getting a wand made in America, and that they would get all of the course books when they arrived at the Institute. Dorn left to make arrangements for those people he hadn’t known about, saying that he would see them at his office at the start of term.

With nothing better to do, Harry used his wand and blasted a hole in the ground. Once that was done, he started a big fire and, assisted by Dean, made a barbecue. He left Dobby and Dean to the cooking while he went back in the house and found the Patil twins sitting in kitchen. There was something he wanted to ask them about the barbecue which he was not sure about.

“Can we help you?” asked Parvati. Harry was one of the few people who could tell the Patil twins apart. Then again, living in the same house as them for the best part of a year did help.

“Well I was wondering what you wanted to eat” Harry began, “Because I know that both your names are Indian, so I wondered if you were Hindus” and he looked down at the floor.

“No need to be embarrassed, Harry” Padma said, “We got it all the time back at school. We just have the names, but we are not Hindus. So we’ll have as many burgers and slabs of meat as possible please”

she finished, and her sister nodded in agreement.

Harry thanked them and then went off to find Hermione. When he didn't find her in the library, he went up to her room – knocking before going in. He found her sitting on the edge of her bed with a large book on her lap. Harry knew exactly what the title was as he had given it to her before they decided to leave Hogwarts. It was a collection of all the good times they had had at Hogwarts, along with other pictures. The other pictures included ones such as Hermione's broomstick lesson in first year. He had to go through his memories to get the next picture – Hermione-Cat. There was also a picture of Hermione and Harry during the time they had broke Sirius free, and it was there for the look of pure terror on Hermione's face when they went into the air on Buckbeak. He had also added a picture from the time Hermione had nodded off into her soup. Her hair had been as red as the Weasleys for a little while. Fifth year had a picture of Harry and Hermione in the common room late one night whilst trying to find useful spells for Harry to use during the Tri-Wizard. The picture was not of them studying, but one of Hermione curled up asleep with her head in Harry's lap. His girlfriend was sure he had put it in there to make her parents frown. The last year was one of Hermione helping him to sort out stuff for the DA – in other words 'Command and Control' mode. Harry briefly wondered who would run the club, if anyone at all would take it on. As he walked over, Hermione looked up at him.

"I was just going over some of our more fun times" she said, and Hermione closed the book and put it on the covers. "We are doing the right thing, aren't we?" she asked.

"Of course we are" Harry said, sitting down and putting an arm around her. "We just need to get away from Dumbledore" and he gave her a hug. When she broke away after a moment, Harry cupped her chin with one hand, and pulled her forward for a kiss. As their lips touched, Hermione closed her eyes and put on a dreamy expression, and the girl was in total bliss. The kiss turned a little passionate, but

Hermione was well aware that Harry would take it no further than where she wanted to go that particular time.

“I could get used to this” she said as they pulled apart.

“So could I” said Harry, “Let’s go downstairs and see if the Barbie is ready” and Hermione giggled.

“Burning plastic dolls are we, Mr Potter?” she asked, sounding just like Severus Snape.

“Of course” replied Harry with a hurt look, “Would I be burning anything else?” he asked as they came downstairs.

“Maybe not you, but I think someone is burning the food” Hermione said as her nose wrinkled from the smell of slightly burning food. Harry dashed outside in time to see the food burning. He arrived in enough time to save it from going bad, and Hermione watched as he dished it out to the others, all the time getting fresh buns supplied from Winky. They ate in the brilliant sunshine and washed it down fresh chilled pumpkin juice. The group felt too full to do anything else afterwards, so they had the two elves levitate them back into the house and up to their respective rooms. Most of them fell asleep, but Harry remained awake and wondered what exactly was going on with regards to the Order of the Phoenix.

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“What do you mean you do not know where he is?” asked an irate red haired woman.

“He did not turn up on the express, and neither did Miss Granger. I wonder if they have been taken by Voldemort’s forces” said Dumbledore. “Do not worry, Molly, I will make sure he gets back here. I expect to have control over his accounts and assets by the middle of October”

"I want everything that you promised to me in exchange for the spying" Molly Weasley replied. "We put ourselves in terrible danger, looking after that brat during the summer holidays. We deserve to have all of his money, house and everything else he owns" and Dumbledore agreed.

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Dumbledore was still wondering what was going on when the first years came in. He put it to the back of his mind after they had been sorted and had begun on the feast. Towards the end, but before he had chance to stand up any say anything at all, hundreds of Owls came sweeping in and began a comprehensive paper dropping campaign. Each was identically printed as normal. What was not normal was the fact that the front page contained a printed letter from Harry. He nearly exploded in fury when he had finished reading the article, and was about at the same state as Ginny and Ron. He was going to send them all to bed when a student stood up, got joined by a housemate and then insulted before they both vanish from sight after calling their trunks to their sides. Dumbledore only just managed to keep his cool and get the students all off to bed.

He spent most of the night trying to figure out where and how Harry had escaped. Knowing that Salem was in America, he contacted the Ministry and discovered that neither Harry or Hermione had used a long range Portkey, and he wondered how. It was at that point he realised the pair had to have gone by muggle methods, but Dumbledore knew it was too late to stop them from leaving. He didn't sleep much that night, and then he started hearing the stories of Draco Malfoy attacking other students. Whatever penalties the teachers would award him, the headmaster would simply cancel them out. It was sometime in the afternoon when he detected the wards around the castle being attacked, and so he made the short range apparition to the point in question. It was a common misconception that you couldn't apparate in Hogwarts. So long as

the trip was inside the boundaries of the castle, then you could go anywhere. The reason that the two Hufflepuffs had left the previous night was a bit harder. The Portkeys they had used had been designed, so it seemed, to be one way items. This allowed the Portkeys to channel all of the available power into breaking past the wards – something that he hoped to keep a lid on. He appeared next to the front gates and discovered the group of Gryffindors and the single Ravenclaw.

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When they had left, Dumbledore wondered how exactly he could explain this to the public, let alone a rather pissed off Madam A Bones. What he didn't know was that Susan had already written to her Aunt, and it contained many assurances that she was alright and that the girl was safe. Susan also asked that her Aunt not poke around asking for questions concerning the events of the last few days – she was perfectly happy where she was. Dumbledore didn't know about this letter, and he called for a meeting of the Order of the Phoenix for later that day. When he tried to get into Number 12, he was refused entry to the building. Fuming, he went to Gringotts to discover what was going on, only to find that Harry had sold the house for One Knut to someone else, and that the new owner had not allowed Dumbledore or anyone else entry. When he asked who the owner was, Dumbledore's jaw dropped.

Tom Marvolo Riddle

A/N:

Am I not a sneaky and surprising one?

So... the group have started to settle down, they've arranged living accommodation at the Institute, and had a good barbecue as well!

My apologies to all those who asked who the owner of the voice was

– I told you it was Voldemort. Sorry... but I wanted to flip you all out a bit.

In the next chapter, I plan to have them arrive at the school and the start of term. Now I don't know about American school much, so I am making up my own term times and such – adding real holidays and such. There will also be a surprise in store for them when they find out what Harry has been up to.

Now to other matters;

Anon/Unsigned reviews are disabled for a period of one week because of the most recent attack by someone known only as mom. Also, I would like to welcome on board users # and # who join my forces of good. If I get more bad reviews, then my fic that contains the list of all the bad reviewers will be released again. Ask those people on my homepage for more information.

Again: Anon/Unsigned reviews are disabled for one week.

I will not be here to talk to on Sunday, as I am taking a car trip up to Scotch Corner (featured in The Great Hogwarts Road Trip) just to sit and watch the trucks go past...

Some of you sent me messages concerning my other fics. True Friends 2 is still active, but I want to finish off I'm Not Going first before I think about it. Same as the fic that also has my pen name Pixel And Stephanie Forever. Not my first fic, but the reason my pen name is the way it is.

Regards:

Pixel

Bleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeew

or

The Case

Harry spent a lot of the remaining time that day in conference with Hermione and Padma. He considered them the two smartest people he knew, and they started to plot a defence of Harry's mental capacity. It took them a few hours, but the three of them finally came up with something. Not wanting to give away where they lived, Harry asked Dobby to take a message to the Ministry requesting the date and time when the case would be. The reply was that Dumbledore had ordered that it take place the next day at ten thirty in the morning. Harry did the math and worked out that it came to about four thirty in the morning local time, which didn't please any of them at all. The two house elves started making sleeping potions for them all to use, and this would make them feel refreshed when they woke them up in time to go to the hearing. The others had still said that they wanted to come with Harry – even with their waking up at 4:30 in the morning. Harry though was not all that pleased, and kept about from the rest for that evening.

“Something wrong?” asked Hermione. Harry turned from the fireplace to see Hermione standing next to him. He waved her to a seat next to him before answering her.

“Just worried about the hearing tomorrow” Harry said.

“Don’t be” Hermione replied. “You have nothing to worry about at all. Dumbledore is just trying to get our money and assets. All you have to do is to present your case to the court and they will see that Dumbledore is just upset at losing all eleven of us” she added.

“But this is mister, ‘I’m the greatest good wizard that has ever lived’, Hermione” Harry replied bitterly, “Do you really think that they will take my word over his?” he asked.

“I see your point” his girlfriend replied, “But as long as you keep to the plan we’ve drawn up, then I see no reason why they will rule against you. If they do” she continued, “Then we get the hell out of dodge” and Harry looked at her in surprise.

“When did you start using that expression?” he asked.

“When in Rome...” Hermione quoted, and this brought a smile to Harry’s face. “And if they try to use force against you, then they will have to get past ten very pissed people first. Then there is you of course” and Harry knew what she was saying. The others would defend Harry until they were no longer capable of doing so.

“Thanks” he said quietly, and he kissed Hermione on the cheek.
“What are the others doing?” Harry enquired.

“Most of them are playing tag in the garden, but Luna is talking to Dobby and Winky about something I’m not allowed to know about” Hermione replied, and then a thought seemed to pass through her intelligent mind. She traced a finger down Harry’s front, stopping just on top of his belt. “We could do something else” she said seductively.

“I’ll take the something else” Harry said, and Hermione took his hand and led him up the stairs to the bed in her room. Once the door

was shut, Hermione pounced on Harry and kissed him on the lips. Harry returned the gesture, tilting his head to one side slightly and slipping one hand to Hermione's back. His girlfriend didn't seem to mind as she was currently running her fingers through Harry's hair, and for some reason traced the outline of his ears. After a minute of kissing, Harry was bold enough to move his other hand to the chest of his girlfriend and lightly trace the outline of her breasts, very gently massaging them at the same time.

“I love you” Hermione whispered.

“I love you too” Harry said back. While Harry was busy, Hermione was running her hands up and down the Harry's back – feeling the smoothness of his skin, and also the faintness of the scars – testament to the years of abuse suffered at the hands of the Dursleys. When she could, Hermione was going to curse all three of the Dursleys. She might get fined or sent to Azkaban for a while, but it would be well worth it in her opinion. Her thoughts got interrupted by Harry starting to remove the t-shirt she was wearing, and the girl pulled back to allow him to do so better. It all went down from there, and soon Hermione's bedroom floor was littered with discarded clothes. The pair lay on the bed, completely naked, but entirely happy. Hermione had been more then willing to go the whole way, but Harry had wanted to wait for a while. Apart from the showers at Hogwarts, this was the first time anyone had seen him naked. He needed a little while to get used to the idea of being so with Hermione, and she understood completely his explanation.

“Theres always more things we can try” she added, and Harry briefly wondered what had happened to Hermione. She was never this passionate about classes... actually yes she was come to think of it!

#

The group woke up at a little before half past three, and proceeded to shower, dress and go down for breakfast. They all looked a little bleary eyed, but that was most likely down to the fact that they hadn't quite adjusted to American time yet. Worse was the fact that tomorrow would be when they would all start at Salem. As they lived a simple fireplace journey away, then it wasn't so bad. They could spend the whole of tomorrow in bed adjusting to the time zones. Or they could return from the trial and take sleeping draughts – that choice was up to them.

“We better be going” said Neville. The grandfather clock was showing the time as being 4AM. They stood up and most of them put on their cloaks. Harry, Hermione, Dean and Seamus put on muggle looking coats instead – knowing it would upset many of the Purebloods at the court. When they had finished, they picked up a specially made Portkey that Harry had brought with him from Gringotts – it being sent before he and Hermione had left the country – and muttered the activation words.

“Fried Chicken” and they vanished and appeared in the Ministry Atrium. The sudden appearance caused people to go for the wands, but replaced them when they saw it was Harry. They looked more at those around him, more then at him for a few moments. As he looked around, Harry saw a small squad of Aurors advancing on him.

“You will come with us” said the leader.

“Why?” asked Harry.

“You will be taken to a holding cell” came the reply.

“On whose orders?” Hermione enquired.

“The Chief Warlock gave the orders” said the leader. Hermione looked round at the others with raised eyebrows. Dumbledore seemingly wanted to put Harry in a bad light.

“I don’t think so” Harry said.

“You will do as you are told boy!” the leader raised his voice. “I can see why Dumbledore wanted to get you declared insane” and his wand dropped from his sleeve and he aimed it at Harry.

“No you don’t” Harry said, but with no time to get his wand, Harry fell back to Emergency Procedure One. With one well aimed and powerful kick, Harry kicked the Auror in the balls and immobilised him. While the other Aurors looked at him in surprise, Harry’s friends drew their wands.

“There are four of you, and eleven of us” Parvati said.

“Don’t make us hurt you” Padma added.

“Indeed” Luna said, “I only just washed these robes, and I would hate to get blood on them – your blood that is” and faced with eleven angry people, the Aurors made a rapid retreat all the way to the DMLE offices!

“Stupid buggers” Harry said, and he looked around at the watching crowd. “And who is our next contestant...?” but nobody replied. Harry simply walked towards the courtroom whistling what sounded like the ‘Colonel Bogey March’ – something that made Hermione, Dean and Seamus burst into much laughter. It was clear that Harry wasn’t giving a damn about the hearing, and they followed him to the courtroom. Tonks was waiting for him at the entrance, and the others put the hoods up on their cloaks so they didn’t get noticed. They slipped into the courtroom and took seats near the middle of each half of the seating. Dumbledore was already sat at a wooden table and shuffling and reading some parchment around, and it took all Hermione’s self control to not blast him with a curse. Meanwhile, Tonks was taking Harry to a little side room to wait. She explained that it was standard procedure for cases such as these.

“I’m glad to see you” she said to him as she closed the door behind her. “Dumbledore was really worried about you. He says that Sirius’s death has made you act without thinking. I have to agree with him” and Harry turned on a sixpence and faced her.

“I thought that” Harry said, “I know what you are here for, Nymphadora. Tell Dumbledore that this trick of his will not work. I am not going to give him any information. Please let him know that if he tries anything, then I’ll apply for membership in the Death Eater ranks... GO” and at Harry’s shouted last word, Tonks vanished from the room. Harry looked around the very tiny stone walled room and started to think about his opening argument.

When he couldn’t think of anything, he just sat on the single chair in the room and began counting the stones that made up the wall. It was a good ten minutes before the door opened again, and a different Auror came in and told Harry it was time to start the trial.

Harry's eyebrows went up at that word, and added it to his list of things to be used against Dumbledore. No matter how bad things went, he always had the master ace up his sleeve. Harry followed the Auror back to the doors of the same courtroom where he had been put on trial last year, and a soft bong noise could be heard announcing that the case was starting. The Auror guarded the doors as Harry went through the, and he saw what kind of audience he was playing to. Harry looked to the far end of the room and saw the entire Wizendgamot, though someone else was in Dumbledore's place. Harry was certain that it was Tracy Greengrass's father, so there would be an even chance of winning or losing. Harry did have his emergency back up plan though – see Dumbledore try to stop him with that! As Harry continued to walk up the aisle, he ignored the mutterings of the crowd which got more intense as ten hooded figures dropped the hoods and followed Harry to his own table. As they reached it, Harry stood directly behind the chair while the others stood in a semi circle to stop anyone from hexing or jinxing Harry. Mr Greengrass looked at the ten that backed Harry up and spoke to them.

“You do not stand accused” he said to them.

“Mr President” Susan said, “We stand with our shipmate” and the other nine nodded.

“Very well” Mr Greengrass said – this was not what he was expecting at all. “We are here to ascertain the mental capacity of Harry James Potter. If found to be of insufficient capacity, then he will be remanded to the custody of the Chief Warlock” and he banged the gavel in front of him. As Harry created chairs for his friends, Mr Greengrass told Dumbledore to begin his case.

“Members of the court, it is a sad thing that we have to be here for

this occasion. It is my belief that Harry here has been..."

"Objection!" cried Hermione, "Prosecution is being familiar with the accused"

"Sustained"

"My apologies" Dumbledore said. "It is my belief that Mr Potter has been driven over the edge, so to speak, by the death of his godparent. He has however, shown a total disregard for the lives of his friends and placed them in terrible danger. He also nearly killed the son of a Ministry official more than once. I move that you bind Harry to my custody so that I may try to help him regain his mind" and Dumbledore sat down.

"Do you have anything to say, Mr Potter?" asked Mr Greengrass.

"Nothing polite" was Harry's reply, and several people chuckled as Harry stood. "Albus Dumbledore is trying to have me painted as some kind of insane person. This is because he wants to get his hands on the Potter fortune. I believe I know to which time he means I nearly got my friends killed, but I move that Mr Dumbledore was behind them. In the first year a troll entered Hogwarts and he didn't know anything about it? Second year I grant was not of his making. The third year, and he knew that my late godfather was innocent, and yet he did nothing to help prove his innocence... but I digress. The point I am trying to make here, is that I am as sane as anyone in this room" and then Harry sat down, leaving the rest of what he was going to say unsaid.

"Mr Dumbledore, do you wish to call any witnesses?" asked Mr

Greengrass.

“I do” said Dumbledore, rising from his seat once more, “I call Ronald Weasley to the stand” and Harry and the group turned to see Ron get up from where most of the Weasleys sat. As he walked past Hermione, he leered at her with a well known look. Once he was sat down, the questions started to be asked. Dumbledore was a cunning linguist, and he questioned Ron, Ginny as well as several Healers from St Mungos very well indeed. Harry and the others also asked questions, and it seemed like the case was about even. Harry and group knew though that Dumbledore would win as everyone respected the old git. It was early evening before the summing up came around, and this was when Harry would be playing his trick shot card. Dumbledore stood up and looked at the entire Wizendgamot and the watching public as he made his summing up speech.

“You have heard from some of Harry’s former friends that he gets them into deadly situations. Now some might see this as being heavy handed, and maybe that is so, but I must act to protect the lives of the public and of Mr Potter himself. He shows a complete disregard for those around him, and would most likely kill those who stood in his way”

Presumably” Harry said, “That is why you killed your sister Ariana” and the courtroom went silent and you could have heard a pin drop. As Dumbledore stood with his jaw completely open at the revelation, Harry stood, picked up the parchment in front of him and put on his cloak. “What’s up, sir? Didn’t want that from coming out? Oh dear” Harry added sarcastically, “What ever have I said” and his friends tried to keep very straight faces. “As I have said before, it is my understanding that Mr Dumbledore wishes nothing more then to get hold of my fortune. I also think that when I defeat Voldemort, then he would have me locked up in Azkaban for murder” and Harry glanced

around the courtroom. “I’ve been sat here doing nothing but listen to lies, so I think I’m done here” but Mr Greengrass spoke.

“You will not leave this courtroom before the judgement has been made” and Harry glanced at him.

“AM I going to be allowed to walk out of here?” he asked.

“No”

“Then there isn’t any need for me to be in here” and Harry and his ten friends began leaving the shocked and silent courtroom. As they got halfway to the door, Dumbledore shouted an order.

“Aurors! Place Harry Potter under arrest!” and Aurors moved towards him – including Susan’s Aunt. She knew this was wrong, but she had never disobeyed an instruction and so she also advanced on Harry. Before she knew what had happened, Susan spun round and sent her flying across the room as they all stood round Harry in a circle.

“Just try it” said Lavender. As they shuffled to the door, Molly Weasley stood up.

“I Molly Weasley, do enter my son Ronald Weasley into a marriage contract with Hermione Granger” and the colour drained in Hermione’s face as Dumbledore smiled in happiness. One look at one was enough for Harry to tell that he was undressing Hermione with his eyes. “I also enter my daughter, Ginerva Weasley, into a

marriage contract with Harry Potter" and anger now filled the last of the Potter family. His wand came up, and he blasted the Weasleys across the room.

"NOW EVERYONE LISTEN TO ME! I WILL NOT STAND FOR PEOPLE TRYING TO ATTACK MYSELF OR MY FRIENDS! HERMIONE HAS ACCEPTED ME AS HER BOYFRIEND AND WE WILL BE TOGETHER UNTIL WE DECIDE OTHERWISE. SHE HAS NOT ENTERED INTO A MARRIAGE CONTRACT, AND THEREFORE WILL NOT BE MARRYING THAT IDIOT! THE SAME GOES FOR ME AS WELL! IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP US FROM LEAVING, THEN THEY WILL REGRET IT. I'VE KILLED ONCE OR TWICE BEFORE, SO I'M NOT TOO FUSED ABOUT SCORING A HAT-TRICK" and Harry turned his back on everyone and walked out the room. Several Aurors tried to stop Harry from leaving, but they were prevented from doing so by Hermione, Susan and Padma. They walked in silence to the floo point, where they went directly to Gringots and hence right away back to the house in America.

"Are you alright?" asked Hermione quietly.

"Yes" Harry said faintly, "I'm going to my room. Please don't disturb me unless Voldemort has surrendered" and he went upstairs. The others looked at his vanishing figure.

"He just needs time alone" Neville said. "He was like this a lot back at Hogwarts" and the others agreed with that assessment. Dobby and Winky brought them some food and drink before they all drifted away to get rest or whatever they wanted. Hermione was left sitting on the sofa and looking into the fireplace. She hoped that nothing terrible would happen to Harry this year, but trouble always seemed to find Harry. She agreed with him that Dumbledore was

manipulating his whole life, but something was bothering her about that as well. She went to her room and pulled out her diary. Harry was one of only a few people whom knew Hermione kept one. She turned the pages until she came to the last few weeks. She scanned the pages twice to be certain, but she was right the first time. Sirius's will had been read, his parents had not been.

A/N:

Well it may seem a little rushed, but there you go anyway – another exciting chapter update for you.

Nothing of real mention except one thing. Ariana's death. I am of the opinion that Dumbledore killed her... and I think he did it knowingly! So imagine his surprise when Harry brings that up!

One little Star Trek Reference which I am sure some of you will get!

With regards to I'm Not Going, I think a nice chapter or two of complete fluffiness and love - and a few pink rabbits - are in order!

Regards,

Pixel

New School

Harry slept through most of the day, and didn't wake up until sometime in the evening. After taking a shower to clear his mind, he headed downstairs to see what was left to eat. When he opened the door, the smell of Spaghetti Bolognaise filled his nostrils, and the sight of Hermione's head, left arm and right leg bandaged up. Dobby had his arms crossed and was looking at the half mummified figure as if she would attack him.

“What happened?” Harry asked.

“He attacked me!” Hermione said, pointing at one of the two house elves.

“WHAT?” Harry turned to look at Dobby. “Is this true?” he asked him.

“Yes Master Harry” the elf replied.

“Why?”

“I was following your orders” Dobby said. Harry looked to see that the serving dish with some Bolognaise still in it, was sitting on the counter behind him.

“Dobby” Harry said exasperated, “When I told you to attack anyone who came near my dinner...” Harry sighed, “...I didn't mean it literally” and he shook his head. “Now apologise to Hermione for

attacking her and go to your room until I call you" and Dobby complied with Harry's request.

"The bandages can come off later today... it is just that they need to hold the healing pads on to the bruises" Luna said to Harry.

"Is she going to live, Doctor?" Harry asked.

"I am afraid that she will die" Luna said, and colour drained from Harry's face.

"No..." was all he got out.

"Not for another 130 years or so, but she will die" Luna said, keeping a completely straight face on her features.

"That is not funny" Neville said.

"It isn't?" Luna asked. She sounded as if it was rather a good joke.

"No it isn't" Neville confirmed to her. Luna then said sorry to both Harry and Hermione before leaving the room to go and pack for the next day. Harry ate dinner before the plate was taken away by Winky, and he watched the elf go round the kitchen while working on something. His mind brought the answer which was housekeeping. The house would be empty while at Salem, so the plan was to put the house into mothballs until they came. Winky had misunderstood at first, and he had seen her about to purchase 10,000 tons of

mothballs. House Elves could be very useful assets, but sometimes and only times when Hermione wasn't around; you got tempted to throttle them. Luckily, Harry was never serious about that action... not always.

#

The rest of the day was spent by Dumbledore answering questions from reporters. They all wanted to know more details concerning the death of his sister, but Dumbledore replied that he was completely innocent of everything he'd been accused of. The first person to talk after he got back to his Hogwarts office was Molly Weasley – through a Floo connection.

“What happened to the plan, Albus?” she demanded off him.

“I admit that even I did not expect the boy to come out with that. Rest assured, Molly, that this is nothing more than a minor setback” Dumbledore said to her. “Our plan will go ahead” he added.

“And what about Ginny and Ron?” the red haired woman asked.

“Your daughter will have the boy's material implanted into her. That will force Potter to marry her. And then on their wedding night, Mr Potter will have an unfortunate accident. He'll die, and leave Ginny and the Weasley family in control of the Potter Vaults” Dumbledore assured her.

“And what about Ron?” asked Mrs Weasley.

“He will be made the keeper for Gryffindor as well as the team

captain. I will also make him the Head Boy" the headmaster said.

"I will start giving Ginny the potions to make her fertile" Mrs Weasley said. "What do we do about the Mudblood slut?" she enquired.

"Ronald will have her to do with as he pleases" Dumbledore said. "If you enter him into a marriage contract with her like you will do with Harry and Ginny, then she will be forced to marry your son" he said. The woman in the fireplace smiled in an evil sort of way.

"What will you do with her parents?" she asked him, "After that brat spent the summer with them, I doubt they will simply allow their slag of a daughter to marry my Ronniekins. Will you alter their minds?" and Dumbledore nodded.

"I will cast compulsion charms to make them sign the contract" he said, "And then... I will eliminate them" the two of them talked for time before going away to deal with their respective business. As he went to see McGonagall in her office, Dumbledore wondered how he would get his deputy to see his point of view. He hoped that he wouldn't have to cast another spell on her, but was prepared to do so if necessary. The meeting did not go down very well, and Dumbledore was forced to cast the compulsion charm on her to make her do as he wanted.

He didn't know if Harry would take the letter at face value, but he did trust McGonagall a lot. Should that fail, then he could always go to Salem with the Aurors and Order members to drag Harry back in force – but only if all the other options failed. As he returned to his office, Dumbledore went over the letter in the Prophet several times in his mind. It didn't occur to him until he actually read it in reality –

the one thing that Dumbledore was looking for. Harry had named the different school where he had gone to complete his learning – The Salem Institute. The place would be well shielded against attacks, but the Headmaster was certain he could get around those. All that was required was the exact Portkey co-ordinates for the place, and the attacking forces could appear right in the school. They wouldn't end up in a wall – automatic safeguards would kick in – but arrive they would. Stunning anyone who would attack them, the Aurors and Order members would find Harry, grab hold of him, and returned to the UK with him. After having his entire personality changed, he would be forced into impregnating Ginny Weasley with his seed, and forced into a marriage. Then after the death, Dumbledore would be more powerful than anyone else currently alive by power alone. The money could go to the Weasley family minus a few hundred million Galleons for himself.

“If that little brat thinks he can escape doing what I want him to do, then he is very much mistaken!” he said to Fawkes. “All that needs to be done is for Miss Grangers to sign the contract, and then meet with an unfortunate accident” and he smiled to the empty room, and thought about which first year could be bent to his will, or over his desk. It all depended on his mood at the time.

#

“Dobby” Harry said, and the elf appeared. He looked a little sadder and wiser creature, and he looked at Harry.

“Yes, Harry Potter sir?” he asked, and Harry let the slip go this time.

“I have decided that you have been punished enough. You may go about your work again, but first I want you to see what help Hermione

needs in parking for the morning. If I hear good things about you, then I'll see about asking about a job for you at the school" and the elf's eyes brightened and he nodded.

"I will do as the fair and just Harry Potter asks" Dobby said as he bounced up and down.

"I think though before helping Hermione, you should go and thank Winky. She convinced me to let you return to work" Harry added, and the elf popped away. "I'm getting too bloody soft for me own good", and then he returned to packing his trunk.

They would all be starting a new school tomorrow, and it would be full of interesting new people and all sorts of interesting challenges and incidents to cope with. With Hermione by his side, he could face just about anything. With Susan, Hannah, Lavender, Parvati and Padma, Luna, Dean, Seamus and Neville tagging along as well, at least they would have some friends from Hogwarts to talk to. The other thing he was looking forward to was Quidditch. Harry had told his friends that he wouldn't use his fame for anything – except booking a table at a restaurant of course. They all spent a little time together – Hermione now being demummified - before heading up to bed. Dorn had sent an Owl to the group at dinner giving the time that term started. Unlike Hogwarts, which had a welcoming feast at night, Salem had the welcoming feast during the day time. This allowed for the new arrivals to find which rooms their lessons would be held in. Even though they had been told that Salem didn't have a uniform code as such, the former Hogwarts students didn't know what exactly to wear. They had seen what the local teenagers wore, and all agreed that it wasn't really for them. They decided to arrive in normal clothes and then muddle through from there. Dobby and Winky worked hard to put the house into a clean and tidy state, and ensure that it was ready to be used at a moments notice. Bottles of Butterbeer were put in the pantry before having a preserving charm put over them. Harry

had sent Dobby out for a bottle of Firewhiskey, and Hermione said that everyone except Luna could drink so why have it? Harry's reply was that it was for medical purposes only.

#

Harry woke the next morning, and he smelt the smell of food wafting up from downstairs. He showered and dressed and headed to the kitchen to find that Dobby and Winky had outdone themselves. The table had been extended to accommodate the large platters of food in front of two beaming elves. Harry could see platters of fried eggs, grilled and fried bacon, fried bread, fried mushrooms, fried tomatoes, hash browns, fried sausages, omelettes, toast, eggy bread and to top it all off, three pint jugs of hot tea.

“Morning Harry” Hermione said. Harry took the chair at the head of the table, and started to be served by the elves. He had said to his friends that they could have any chair, but they had replied that his was his house, so he should have the top chair. Harry pushed that thought to the back of his mind as he started to tear into his breakfast. Every bite made Harry's taste buds think the Hogwarts food was plain. Then again, five years of mainly that to eat made things seem better. Though even Hogwarts food was better then what the Dursley had given him to eat. Not to say that Hogwarts had bad food, it was just that there was always something...missing.

“What time do we have to leave?” asked Harry between mouthfuls.

“We should leave in about an hour and a half” Susan said, she had the letter Dorn had sent to them in front of her.

“I was thinking on how to get there” Harry said.

“Well Floo seems the best way” Padma said. “I guess we can do either one” she added, and Harry pondered over his fourth tea of the day. After everyone had eaten what they could, the two elves cleared the plates away from the table. The group got up and went to pack up last minute things that always seemed to need packing despite it being done previously. Once they had finished, they gathered themselves in the living room.

“All set?” asked Harry, and they all nodded. “Well off we go” and Harry took some powder. “Salem Institute” and he vanished. the others followed in quick succession, and they ended up in a large banqueting hall. More tables then Harry cared to count could be seen around the room, with one large table laid out like the staff table at Hogwarts. It seemed as if they had arrived at the welcoming feast as the room was packed with students and staff.

“Mr Potter and friends I presume?” asked a tall man whom seemed to be the Principal.

“We are” Hermione said, “And please forgive our method of entry... we didn’t know the floo would take us here”

“Think nothing of it” the man said, “My name is Joseph Jackson, and I am the Principal here at Salem. You joined us just in time to be sorted...” and he gestured to where a group of younger children waited. Dorn was there and read each name off a list before pointing his wand at them. There was a flash of light before either a red, white, blue or white colour appeared above the head of the person being sorted.

“Wonder where we will be sorted to” said Luna in a whisper to Neville.

“Before we sort these people into our school” said Jackson, “I will introduce them to you. These people are Susan Bones, Hannah Abbott, Parvati and Padma Patil, Seamus Finnegan, Hermione Granger, Dean Thomas, Neville Longbottom and Luna Lovegood” and there was a small bit of talking, “Oh and this is Harry Potter” the students all gasped in perfect harmony. They all knew who he was, and what he was most famous for it seemed. The entire eleven of them got called up at the same time, and Dorn muttered a spell. There was a flash of light and they got covered in the series of four lights, but no final colour could be seen hanging above any of their heads. Dorn tried several times but he got the same result. Murmuring could be heard from the hall.

“Well this was not in the game plan” Harry muttered.

“I will see you in my office” Jackson said, and he left his seat and left the hall. Dorn led the refugees from Hogwarts out as well. They got taken down a long corridor which was filled with awards from past students, and also with several trophies.

“I must admit” Dorn said, “That this has never happened in the ten years I have been teaching here. Students are sorted on the first attempt, although several have to be tested again due to two very strong personality traits. This can sometimes confuse the house sorting charm, but as I say, this is very rare. Never have I known the sorting charm to fail like this” he led them into a large and spacious office – not unlike the ones you would see on TV. Seats got made for the group who all sat down. Jackson was looking at sheet of paper.

“According to this, the reason you could not get sorted is because you remain British citizens. What I will do is for you to remain as one group, and assign you to various classes as needed. I will leave it up to you about which house you join for sports and such” Jackson said. “As for living arrangements, this will also cause trouble. What I could do is to put you all in a separate part of the school where you could all live in two separate dorms”

“That would be fine” said Lavender. After much talking about small matters, the group left the office and Jackson took them to where they would be staying. The door was a thick wooden door, and as it opened the former Hogwarts students could see...

A/N:

Am I not a teasing Pixel? Hee hee.

So the group have arrived at Salem (at last) though not without a few minor hiccups!

Not much to note here, except the fact that Dumbledore is going to go in force to get Harry back and use his material to get Ginny pregnant. This would be to negate any contract issues. Even though the marriage contract between Ron and Hermione is off, don’t think that that is going to stop them. Again, WEASLEY TWINS ARE GOOD!

The little problem with sorting is one I have not seen addressed in Harry to America fics. What if he couldn’t because he is still a UK citizen? Expect this to cause both trouble and hUmoUr in later fics – note: that wasn’t a typo! I will warn you now, that in a few chapters time, during the attack at Salem, one of the main cast will die.

Needless to say it will not be Harry, but someone else. Only one other user here Knows anything to do with it... but I didn't release the name to him either. A poll is on my page for you to vote on!

The name of the Principal is taken from my good friend joemjackson who writes the excellent series "Not The Only Red Head". If you haven't, then please take a look at it. It is a little confusing, but well worth it. All I ask is that you say in the review that you say I sent you his way.

This is the first chapter to have been partly written by Rhapsody – my new notebook. After buying her for £110, she went straight into service with ten minutes of arriving at home. She joins Destiny and Harmony in making this fic possible. (any captain Scarlet fans out there will get the joke!) Also, posted two fics, but no one has reviewed them. Would you please mind review, The week the Mysterons nearly won and Santa Claus the movie (updated as a request by joemjackson)

Before I forget, would like you all to take a look at my profile page as it has been updated and refurbished. It also has a message to you all

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

An Eventful First Day

#

As the door opened, they all gasped at the sight of the large room in front of them. It looked to be a large room, at least as big as the Gryffindor one Neville remarked. There were two sofas and a five armchairs dotted around the room. On the wall opposite was a series of windows that gave a magnificent view of the castle and grounds. There were a couple of tables dotted around, with one having some wooden chairs round it to sit on. There was a decent sized fireplace beneath a wooden mantelpiece.

"This where you will be staying while you are with us" Jackson said. "The four boys will dorm in the room to the left. The girls will dorm in the room to the right. You can decorate the sitting room to however you like it" and then he watched as they all went round the room.

"Who will we learn lessons with?" asked Hermione.

"I will let you know in the morning" Jackson replied, "Because of the lessons you will be taking, there will be different pupils in the classes. Due to your special circumstances, any house points earned will go to your own counter"

"Luna was in the year below us at Hogwarts. Will she have to do lessons with those in the year below us?" asked Neville.

"No" came the reply, "She may stay with you for lessons. Now I must go and attend to the rest of my work. I'll see you tomorrow" and with that, Jackson left the room.

"Shall we put our stuff into our rooms and take a look round?" Susan suggested.

"Might as well" said Hannah, and so they levitated their trunks up to

their new dorms. The beds in both dorms looked very much like the four poster beds that they had slept in at Hogwarts. Once they had picked out beds for themselves, they left the special quarters and went for a walk around the school.

They greeted teachers and pupils alike and the group found out where each lesson was being held. The first thing on the list was to find out where the toilets were in each of the four floors. Afterwards, they went out to look at the grounds. The grounds had incredibly well kept lawns which stretched all the way to a lake that was bigger than what there was at Hogwarts, and Hermione said it was nearly the size of an ocean. When they found the Quidditch pitch, Harry's jaw dropped. Instead of the rickety old wooden one he was used to there was a modern stadium. They entered through one of the doors to stand in one of the seating areas. The benches at Hogwarts had been made out of wood but these appeared to be made out of some kind of leather. When Parvati sat in one to try it out, it moulded itself to her shape.

"This is nothing like before" Harry said, and the others agreed with that. After they had been round the outside of the castle, they asked for directions to Professor Dorn's office. They got odd looks from the two girls they asked, and it was Luna who said that it must be because of their English accents. They headed off to the office, where Dorn had them sit down in the chairs in front of his desk. The four boys allowed the girls to take the seats while they stood.

"I take it that you have had a good look around?" he asked them with a smile.

"Yes" said Lavender, "And we quite like it here to be honest" she added.

"So, what can I do to help you?" asked Dorn.

"I wondered what I could do about Quidditch?" Harry said.

"Ah" Dorn said, "I was hoping that you wouldn't ask about that. As you are not in any of the houses, I am afraid that you will not be able to play Quidditch. I understand that Harry is one of the best players in recent years" and Dean whispered something into Harry's ear.

"Can we have a moment?" asked Harry, and Dorn nodded and the group put their heads together and spoke in low tones. "So what do you want?" asked Harry.

"Professor Jackson said that we are our own house. Could we not form our own team?" asked Seamus.

"With one person?" Harry replied.

"Well we three know how to play" said Neville, pointing to himself, Dean and Seamus. "Though we aren't as good as you though" he added.

"We need more then four players" Harry pointed out. There was a miniature discussion between both the Patils before Padma spoke.

"We'll join as well" she said, "Though we have only played it as a little friendly game in the back garden" the girl added.

"I'm in as well" said Luna after a moment. Harry knew his friends where rallying around him, and they all turned back towards Dorn.

"What were you discussing – if I may ask" he said to them.

"We'd like to form our own Quidditch team" Harry said. Dorn looked surprised for a moment.

"I see you are taking this 'your own house' thing to the maximum" the man laughed. "If you think you can do it, then try it by all means" and after a few questions the group left Dorn's office to return to their

quarters to change into something else. It had got a lot warmer as the day had progressed, and so they changed into lighter clothes. When they had all gathered in the common room, Harry spoke to the newly formed team members.

"First of all I want to thank you for helping me to fly this year. I would have been reduced to just flying around the grounds" Harry paused. "Now you've played in friendly games, but this isn't like that at all. I will have to work out with Hermione to see what training we can work out for you. I'll buy you all a broom each, but we'll get you equipped with ones that are suited to you. Like a wand, the broom must be found to match you" and the others thanked Harry and offered to pay for their own brooms, but Harry was having none of it. He told them that he had more money than he could possibly spend in his life.

"So what is our first thing to do?" asked Lavender, she would also be training in case of an accident to someone which prevented them from participating in the game. Harry and Hermione conferred for a while before Hermione answered.

"You will each receive a copy of Quidditch Through The Ages to read. It has all of the rules that you will need to know about. Then there is the body armour. Dumbledore never allowed it because he didn't want the school to seem too rough" and there were nods all round. They went for another walk around where everyone stopped, looked and pointed at Harry's ever present scar.

#

The order met in Dumbledore's office at Hogwarts. Everyone was present from Tonks to the Weasley family. The twins, who had joined last year, had resigned a few days ago. Dumbledore could still see their joint letter without looking at it.

Dear Albus Dumbledore

We hereby quit your stupid fried chicken club.

If you take any action against Harry, Hermione or his true friends, then we will be forced to reveal some secrets about you.

Signed

A.N Other and N.O Body

It didn't take a genius to figure it was Fred and George Weasley who had sent them.

"I've called you here because I have come up with an idea as to how to get Harry back" Dumbledore said.

"How?" asked Mrs Weasley.

"I have sent a trunk to Harry" Dumbledore said. "Inside is a long distance Owl. It is carrying a piece of charmed parchment. As soon as it is opened by Harry, the parchment will be filled with Portkey co-ordinates and the Owl will fly back here to me. Once I have those numbers, I can create a series of Portkeys to take us to Salem to remove Harry. He will return with us and have his memory wiped. Then he will do whatever we tell him to, and we split the Potter fortune between ourselves" and they all looked very happy at that.

"And Ginny?" asked Mr Weasley.

"You and Molly will become grandparents, but Harry will not live to see his son. He will be forced to have sex with Ginerva so that she can get pregnant. All she has to do is to seduce Harry enough to ensure he has sex with her" Dumbledore replied. He then proceeded to explain what each order member would do when they had arrived at Salem.

"What if anyone resists?" asked Moody.

"As we will be wearing Death Eater outfits, then you can stun them or hex them as badly as you want. I want no killings though. This must be a lightning raid" the headmaster warned, "But if you want to maim anyone... by all means" and he smiled.

"What about the mudblood?" asked Molly. "She isn't going to accept us taking Harry from Salem" and Moody snorted.

"We'll simply stun her and take her with us. We'll fix her mind and give her to Ron as a plaything" he said, and Molly began to plot. Although the original plan was for him to die on the wedding night, they had discovered that Harry would have to live to see his child born. This was so he could name the child as his heir before his unfortunate accident.

"How is he to die?" asked Mrs Weasley.

"That took some thinking about" Dumbledore said, "But I believe that I have the right idea. A short while after the birth of the child, Harry will go for a ride on his broom with lots of people watching. I will charm the broom so that it will respond to my commands. When he is at a high altitude, the broom will tip forwards and commence a full power dive. It will smash into the ground and kill him" the headmaster finished. He saw the looks on the faces of those people who believed in his cause. During the time it took for Ginny to carry Harry's child, Voldemort would be forced out of hiding and defeated. After the death of Harry, Dumbledore would say he found evidence that Harry was also a Dark Lord – how else could he kill Voldemort after all?

"The boy is the only person I know that can withstand compulsion charms. I'd even guess that he would brush off an Imperio if we cast it on him" Moody said.

"He told me about what your impostor did, Alistair" Lupin said, "While I am not entirely certain, I would assume that he could throw off all

three of the Unforgivables".

"We can always brew a potion and give it to him while he is stunned" Snape said. He had remained quiet so far this meeting as he wanted to consider every option. While he was fully committed to Dumbledore, there was the matter of the life debt he owed to his James Potter. When he was unable to save his life, the debt transferred to Harry. The potions master decided to send Harry a letter which explained what Dumbledore was planning to do. Then he would tell Dumbledore that Voldemort had learned that Harry knew of the plans – and Harry knew because of the link the two had. Snape hoped that this would end the debt. If Harry was captured, then he would alter the potion so that Harry knew exactly what was happening. While he hated his father, Lily on the other hand...

#

The group rose, showered, dressed and collected their books for their first lesson at Salem. The one rule that couldn't be bent for them was the one concerning breakfast. So for breakfast they would eat with the members of Lovell house. Harry had automatically dressed in his Gryffindor robes before he remembered there was no dress code at Salem. He opted for a pair of black trousers with a dark green shirt instead. After breakfast, they headed towards the potions room. Unlike the damp and cold dungeon of Snape's, potions at Salem got held in a purpose made laboratory. This seemed to please Neville somewhat greatly. As they had arrived a little early, they examined the classroom after putting their bags at the front of the rows of desks. They sat down when the rest of the class came in, and they said hello. They got more odd looks when the other pupils heard the English accents. In return, they didn't look surprised when they heard all of the various American accents. The Professor came into the room shortly afterwards. The professor was a tall white man with curly blonde hair.

"You must be the new arrivals" said the man. "My name is David

Marcus, and I will be teaching potions for your next two years. I have had a look over your educational records from Hogwarts, and see that you are at least up to date with your work. Saying that though, I notice that Mr Longbottom is the worst out of you. Can you tell me why?" Professor Marcus asked.

"I was bullied by members of another house" Neville said, "And our potions master at Hogwarts was the head of house for the bullies. He wouldn't do a single thing to punish them. He also made sure that I got the bad potions ingredients" he added.

"Well I am sure your grades will improve here" Marcus said. He took the register of the class, and then most of the class rose and stood with one hand over their hearts. They started to recite something. Harry and the others remained seated but looked at each other oddly.

"Any ideas?" asked Susan.

"They do this every morning in American schools" Hermione said knowingly, "I don't think that we have to do it though" she added.

"Well we'll stand respectfully from tomorrow" Harry said.

"I agree" said Parvati, "We might as well show respect for their customs" and the former Hogwarts students nodded in agreement. Once the lesson was underway, they got asked to make a Pepper Up potion. This was easy for Harry and his friends, so much so that Professor Marcus asked them to start making an Anti Poison potion. This took the rest of the lesson to complete, and many of the other pupils in the class also managed to make the potion. It was very different to have a proper potions lab at their disposal, and Neville's potion was exactly the right colour as it should be. At the end of the lesson, Professor Marcus asked them to pour a sample into containers and bring them to the front for marking.

"I will give you results next lesson" he said, "Class dismissed" and they filed out of the classroom. They had the same group for Defence Against The Dark Arts, and it was Professor Dorn who took the lesson – something the group knew already. Tables lined the walls with chairs on top of them ,and Harry assumed that they were being stored for the moment.

"Welcome everyone" Dorn said, "And I see that you have already met your new year mates. Now you all know who Mr Potter and his friends are, and you know about Mr Potter in particular. So I propose that Mr Potter and a volunteer duel to see how well he can battle" and Harry suddenly looked a little apprehensive.

"Sir" he said to Dorn, "The only time I have battled, it was a no holds bared fight. I have never ever duelled before" but Dorn laughed and shook his head.

"Don't worry, you wont be killing anyone" he said, "Anything apart from dark curses and Unforgivables are allowed. You have battled a dark lord on two separate occasions. I would like to see what you in action, if that is alright with you" and Harry reluctantly nodded. Dorn asked for volunteers, and picked one person out – a tall black skinned student whose name was Patrick Obama.

"Be careful, Harry" Hermione whispered as Harry withdrew his wand in order to fight.

"You know me, Herms" Harry replied.

"That's what I mean" she replied.

"I'll be fine" Harry assured her, "I'm the only one who can defeat Voldemort after all" and he turned to face Patrick. On the signal to start, Harry's oponant sent a stunning spell at Harry who simply stepped to the side whilst casting Impedimenta at him. This missed the other boy by mere milimeters. The class watched as the pair

battled with fasinated looks – but he former Hogwarts contingent looked slightly bored as they had seen this all before.

"Slleps" said Patrick, and a viciously green coloured burst from his wand. Harry let it get towards him before dropping to the floor and letting it pass over him. Without speaking, Harry waved his wand and out came four Smurfs. Patrick and the class simply stared at the dancing Smurfs, and didn't know notice Harry sneaking around the edge of the classroom to come up behind Patrick. With two quick movements, he relieved the boy of his wand and pushed him to the floor. Then before anyone could do anything, Harry raised his wand.

"Imperio" and everyone gawped at Harry using an Unforgivable. The spell hit Patrick and lifted him into the air. Harry hadn't used an unforgivable, he had instead used the levitation charm on him. Harry and Hermione had practiced it over the summer, and Harry was more then able to say one spell while actually casting a different one. With the boy's own wand, Harry stunned him and then gently put him on to the floor.

"Harry Potter wins" said Dorn, and there was some applause – more so from Harry's friends. Hermione came over and gave him a quick hug and kiss on the cheek. After Dorn had revived Patrick, he turned to the class. "What was wrong with Patrick's defence?" he asked them, and Hermione put her hand right up. "Miss Granger?"

"He allowed himself to be destracted" she said, "And that let Harry get around and disarm him" and Dorn nodded.

"Ten points to your house" he said, knowing they hadn't come up with a name yet. "Now that is over with, I think we will start this year by reviewing the fight that had just taken place, and suggesting ways to overcome Harry – if at all possible. You can start in his lesson, and then continue for homework" and at the end of the lesson, Dorn dismissed them for lunch.

"That was incredible" Hermione said while they had lunch in the hall.

"Well I didn't want to be in a bad state for our training session this evening" Harry replied.

"Tonight?" exclaimed his girlfriend, "We start Quidditch training this evening?" she asked him.

"None of you are of the same standard as I am. If we are to form a team, then we better start training as soon as possible" Harry said, and Hermione agreed that it made sense. What she didn't tell Harry was that she was still scared of flying on a broomstick. But if Harry could face Voldemort three times, then she could go through the sky at a couple of hundred feet. From the way their lessons worked out, they had the afternoon off – on the first day as well! While Hermione and Padma made notes, Harry went up to his new dorm and retrieved his Firebolt. He had to see what the flying conditions were like around the area inside the Institute's boundaries. As he left for the grounds, he told Hermione what he was going to do.

"Are you sure?" she asked him.

"I need to find out what the wind is like around here. If I think it is too bad to fly, then we'll simply watch a Pensieve memory of some of my matches" Harry said. "The other thing is that I have been over month without actually flying. I'll only be doing a few simple manoeuvres and a quick power burst" he added.

"Well be safe" Hermione said, and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. The others giggled or wolf whistled before Harry headed out to the grounds. A handful of others seemed to be doing what Harry was doing, and two turned out to be of muggle origin. Harry introduced himself to all of them before showing off his Firebolt. The fastest the others had was the Nimbus 2002, and Harry had a little pang as he thought about his faithful Nimbus 2000. the Whomping Willow had destroyed it during his third year, and he had kept the pieces. He still

had them in one of his trunks, but knew there was very little he could do about that. As he had got on, the word spread about that Harry was about to take off a on flying display.

"And off we go..." Harry uttered, and he rose into the air. The first thing he did was to do several circuits of the building and then of the Quidditch to see how the winds were. Everything went better then he had expected, so he did a little showing off for those watching below – including Hermione and the others who had come to watch. Although he was enjoying himself, he made sure that he was nowhere near any other person in the air. He didn't want to bump into anyone after all! When he was done, he descended and got off to receive a hug from Hermione. This was a new Hermione that had come out over the time he had spent at the Granger residence, and Harry was amused by the change a little bit. While he was talking to people, there was a muffled boom and he snapped round to see that someone had strayed slightly too close to the protective wards around the Institute. The tail of the broom was emitting bright, multicoloured sparks and the rider – a girl – was screaming as she battled to keep the broom in the air. Every so often it was tipping forwards and dropped a good fifty feet before the girl managed to get it under control. She stopped screaming and managed to keep it level and in a lazy turn to the left.

"She can't land" Seamus said, "Not with that damage" and the crowd watched as the broom started to gather more and more speed. It went well past the limit that a Nimbus 2002 could do, and the smoke started to get heavier and blacker. Harry knew that there wasn't a lot of time left.

"We better get a teacher" Hermione said, but Harry shook his head.

"No time" he said, and he swung his broom underneath him. "Get away" the boy ordered, and the closest people to him did so quickly. While the Numbuses of those people on the ground could go fast, the Firebolt could beat them in terms of speed by a long shot.

"Are you doing what I think you are doing?" asked a voice, and they all turned to see Dorn and Jackson with them. A woman in a long white lab coat stood behind them, and Harry assumed it was the school nurse or someone.

"Sir" Harry said to Professor Jackson, "Nobodys Nimbus can reach that person, but my Firebolt could reach her. I'll go up there, match it's speed and get her to climb onto my Firebolt. When she is on, I'll drop back a little and blow it apart" the plan sounded a little bit on the wild side, but it was the best he could come up with. Harry knew it was the plan, but it would do for now.

"Go" Jackson said, and Harry stood his broom on the tail and rocketed into the air. He quickly reach the same height as the stricken broomstick, and he urged every once of speed out of the Firebolt. He raced after the now crippled Nimbus, and soon pulled up alongside him.

"Taxi, Ma'am?" he asked the bewildered girl.

"Wha...What?" she asked, her long blonde hair flapping in its ponytail from the slipstream whipping about both of them.

"Get on the Firebolt!" Harry said firmly, his voice brooked no argument. The girl did so quickly, and then to her amazment, Harry climbed onboard hers. "Can I have this broom?" he asked.

"Yes" she said weakly. Harry thanked her, and then tapped the top of his Firebolt. It suddenly dropped behind and slowed down. Once it had reached safer speeds ,it began the trip down to the ground where the nurse, both professors and everyone else was waiting. Harry meanwhile had managed to convince the broom that he was its new owner. Now all he had to do was to remember what he had once read.

"Broom! This is Harry Potter, your owner speaking"

Yes? It replied.

"Initiate Auto Destruct Sequence" Harry ordered calmly.

Authorisation? It asked.

"Potter Four Seven Alpha Tango" Harry said carefully, he managed to get the broom heading towards the gigantic lake.

Second Authorisation code the broom requested.

"Code 1 1B 2B 3"

Destruct Sequence completed and engaged. Awaiting final code for one minute countdown

"Code Zero Zero Zero Destruct Zero"

One minute to Self Destruct Sequence. This broom will self destruct in 50 seconds. Harry felt the heat as the broom burst into flames at the back, he cast a water spell, but knew it would only delay it. With a little luck, the broom would blow up before the fires reached him.

#

"What is he doing?" asked Hermione. Panic spread over her face as the girl told her story.

"He'll be keeping the broom over the lake so that when it blows, it will not take out any of the school" Dean said.

"Him and his saving thing" Hermione muttered. She, nor any of the others, did not know that Harry had activated the broom's self destruct feature.

#

Harry kept the broom flying over the lake. The fire and the amount of damage made the turns hard to complete, and so he made two last turns so that it went from the bottom to the top of the lake. Harry looked down at the transparent display that was on the handle of the broom. He had only tens seconds left, and so he made the severely crippled and nearly out of control broom go as fast as it possibly could.

5

4

3

2

1

The counter actually went down to 0, but at 2 Harry was already off the thing. As he was falling through the air, Harry felt the explosion hit him full force and it buffeted him with all the fury of a magical object exploding. As Harry was falling to the ground, he reached into his jeans for his wand. While he didn't know something to keep him flying, he pointed his wand above him and cast a shield charm. The semi circle acted as a parachute, and Harry made a graceful landing in the lake. He could see Hermione speeding towards him on his Firebolt.

"Grab hold" she told him, and he held onto the main part of the broom as Hermione slowly took them to shore. The Professors and the nurse waited to see him and were amazed to see not a single scratch on his body.

"I have never seen anything like that" Jackson said.

"Nor have I" Dorn said.

"A hundred points" Jackson said, "And a special action award" he added.

"Thank you" Harry said, "Thank you very much" and the nurse fussed over him.

"Are you sure you are alright?" she asked in a concerned voice.

"I'm fine" Harry replied, I might be a little soaked, but I'm more then fine. It is thanks to Hermione that I didn't drown or anything when she rescued me on the broom" he added.

"I flew on a broomstick?" Hermione said weakly, and she fainted to the ground.

"Theres your patient" Harry said, pointing to the crumpled form of his girlfriend.

#

After Harry had changed into dry and clean clothes, he sat in the arm chair by the fire. Though summer still remained a little, the water in the lake had been cold, and so Harry was trying to get warm again. Hermione had been revived and told to take it easy, and so she was snuggled up next to Harry. There was a little popping noise, and a trunk appeared in the middle of the room.

"Anyone?" Lavender asked.

"It isn't mine" said Luna.

"Who is it from?" asked Harry. Dean went over and read the label

that was attached to one of the handles.

"It is from Hermione's parents to you, Harry" he said. Harry looked at Hermione who shrugged. The pair of them got up and went over to where the trunk was sat.

"Why would they send it to you?" asked Hermione. "It doesn't look to be one of the trunks we brought in Diagon Alley" she added.

"I bet they contacted McGonagall about something, and she got a trunk for the contents" Harry reasoned. He bent down to open it, and all at once there was a fluttering of white as an Owl sprang forth and attempted to leave. Hedwig happened to be in the area, and she intercepted it and killed it with a stab of her talons. She knew the sign of a Hogwarts Owl when she saw it. Harry saw the paper the dead owl had dropped, and frowned at it. All it contained was a series of numbers, and that didn't make sense to him.

"We have to see Professor Jackson at once" said Hermione quickly. She knew what the numbers meant as she had read a book on the subject.

"What is it?" Hannah and Susan asked at the same time.

"These are Portkey coordinates" Hermione replied, and she rushed from the room with the rest in hot pursuit. While Hedwig took the body away to feed to some wild dogs nearby, a second Owl flew out of the trunk which contained identical numbers. Albus Dumbledore had accounted for something like this to have happened.

A/N:

The long awaited update.

First of all, I must apologise for the delay. I had to stop writing while I was fitted for some new glasses as I now need them. I must be the

first person in the world to go longsighted from writing fanfiction!

Anyway...

There are three Star Trek references in here for you to spot. One will be fairly easy to spot. The others are harder. One of the other two hints is hidden in the easy reference. See if you can identify them all! I know that The Submarauder will get at least two of them!

If anyone can spot the reference to Harry Potter True Friends, then say so as well!

Dumbledore now has the chance to drag Harry back, but will it work. And what about Snape hmm?

As this has been updated, you will see that my profile page has changed to show the newest information on forthcoming updates. I have also added what fanfics I am currently reading.

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

Hermione's Birthday Holiday

Days passed and the group settled in to the way Salem was run, and it was soon nearly Hermione's birthday. Harry had been writing and getting letters which Hedwig refused to let Hermione read. One letter she was allowed to look at was from the Ministry of Magic. In an extremely crafty deal – worthy of the Weasley Twins – the own rooms at the Institute was now considered sovereign UK soil. The day before Hermione's birthday, they invited all their new friends round because Harry was going to take Hermione out for the next two days. Hermione got some books on Native American magical beliefs as well as other gifts. The biggest one was a chess set made by the others which had her and Harry as the King and Queen on the white side. Hermione saw Harry looking over at her with a smile on his face, and she asked him what he was up to.

"Just pack some essentials and a couple of changes of clothes" Harry told her cryptically, and then he held her in his arms and kissed her lovingly. Lots of cat calls and wolf whistles came when everyone saw the two of them. After the party was over, most of the former Hogwarts students went to bed, but Harry remained downstairs as he wanted to get a few things done before heading off himself. He was sure that Hermione would be surprised when she saw where Harry had taken her for a two day trip. He turned on the little lamp on the bedside cabinet and ensured that all of the needed paperwork was ready.

#

Harry was up bright and early the next morning, and he showered, dressed and went downstairs. The small travelling trunks both he and Hermione owned sat by the sofa, and Harry sat down and passed the time by reading a book. As predicted, Hermione came down a good half hour later.

"Where are we going?" asked his girlfriend.

"Away" was all that Harry said.

"Do you think that I have enough camera film?" Hermione asked him, and the bushy haired girl looked slightly panicked.

"I should hope so" said Harry, and got up and held out the Portkey they would be using. It had been determined that Harry was powerful enough to simply get through the wards as if they did not exist. "Ready?" he asked.

"I guess so" Hermione said, and took hold of the trunk.

"Activate" said Harry, and the two of them vanished from the room. They appeared in the middle of what looked to be a railway station somewhere in Britain. Hermione looked around and saw that no one had seemingly noticed them.

"Are we in the right place?" she asked.

"I know we are" Harry said, and so Hermione looked around some more. The station's name was Crovans Gate on the NWR, but Hermione had no idea where that was. It was a big station with what looked to be a train depot. Cottages lined the road behind the station, and people gathered on the platform. As they waited for something to happen, a man in a blue uniform came up to them.

"Excuse me, but are you Mr Harry Potter?" he asked Harry.

"I am" he replied.

"Welcome to the North Western Railway. I was asked to keep an eye out for you, and we've got you and your good friend two first class tickets as requested" the man said. Hermione noticed that he was called F. Able, and that he was the Station master here.

"Thank you" Harry said. "I assume that the train is on time" and the man nodded.

"It is only a few minutes away" Able said, and he led the two down the platform to where there was a very plush appearing waiting room. As he predicted, they didn't have to wait that long and they heard a steam engine's whistle. Harry laughed at Hermione's confused face as they went outside. The steam engine was pulling a long train which was comprised of green and cream coaches. Porters put the trunks in the guard's compartment while Harry stared at Hermione's open mouth. She was gazing at the steam engine.

"It has a face" she said.

"I know"

"It has a face" Hermione repeated.

"It has a name, Madam" said the engine, and Hermione nearly jumped out of her skin.

"I... I... I'm sorry" she stammered. "My name is Hermione" Harry's girlfriend said.

"And I am Harry" said the raven haired boy. The engine smiled at Hermione's reaction, and then seemed to perk up quite a lot after introductions.

"Hello, Harry. Hello, Hermione. My name is Thomas" said the engine. "Are you going to Knapford?" Thomas asked.

"Yes" said Harry, "We have an appointment with your owner" and the engine smiled.

"You new to the island?" asked Thomas.

"We both are" Hermione said, seemingly recovering from her shock.

"Well welcome to Sodor then" said Thomas. "I'm setting off in a minute. You better get on board" and after saying goodbye to Thomas, the two of them boarded the train and sat down at first class. The train left smoothly, and after a few moments, a man wearing a white shirt and a red waist coat asked what they would like for breakfast. Hermione and Harry both went for the Tidmouth kippers – twice – and had some tea. As they heard Thomas working to pull the train, Harry remarked he was still a little hungry. The waiter came back ten minutes later with a full English breakfast for him. He and Hermione watched the scenery going by as they sped through the countryside, and Harry asked Hermione if she was enjoying herself.

"I am so far" she replied.

#

"Thank you for such a pleasant ride" Harry said.

"You're welcome, sir" Thomas said, and then he went away to the sheds for a nice drink and to be fuelled up with coal. The two watched him disappear to shed before turning and walking up the platform to where the ticket office was. Porters had taken their trunks to the office to be kept safe. As they entered, the room was like a walk into the past. Almost everything was wooden, and they could smell the polish distinctively. Large framed posters showed off many destinations on or around the island. While Hermione looked at the posters, Harry went up to the man behind the glass panel.

"Hello" he said to the uniformed man, "I and my friend have an appointment to see Sir Topham Hatt" and the man looked up at him with interest.

"Your names?"

"Mr Harry Potter and Miss Hermione Granger" Harry told him.

"Wait here" and he went through a door.

"I always wanted to come here" said Hermione, and she gave Harry a hug and a kiss.

"I know" said Harry, and they broke apart as the man came back downstairs.

"Sir Topham Hatt will see you now" he told them, and he led them through the office and up the long steps. He knocked on a door before opening it and letting them past. In front of them was a slightly tubby man wearing a suit, and he rose to his feet and put out his hand.

"You must be Harry Potter" he said, and Harry and Hermione shook his hand. "I have heard all about you. I am Sir Topham Hatt, but I guess you would already know that" and the man laughed.

"I'm glad that we were able to get here" said Harry. "This is my friend, Hermione Granger" and he pointed to Hermione. "I knew she liked the stories as a child, so I thought of bringing her here for a little birthday holiday, sir" Harry said, and Sir Topham Hatt nodded.

"Drop the sir will you? Call me The Fat Controller – everyone does. I know my engines and staff think I don't know it, but I have my ways of knowing" said the Fat Controller. They talked for some time about the plans for their holiday on the island. Harry explained that they had places at the Railway Hotel nearby and that was so they could be near to the railway. Hermione was excited to know that they would be travelling on the engine's footplates after getting special passes from the Fat Controller to tell the crews it was allowed. When the clock struck 9, he took them down to one of the platforms in the station. They had only just got onto it when a little green steam engine puffed

up to them. He had been pulling a few coaches, but he was also pulling some heavy goods vans.

"You looked tired" said Harry.

"I am, sir" said the engine.

"You may go back to the sheds Percy, and have a nice long rest if you'd like" said the Fat Controller kindly.

"Yes sir. Thank you sir" Percy said.

"These are visitors to the island" continued The Fat Controller, "Could you take them in your cab please to the sheds?" and Percy agreed. After saying goodbye to the Fat Controller, Harry and Hermione climbed into Percy's cab and felt the heat from the fire hit them. They got the road to the sheds where Percy was put on a turntable and then backed into a space in the shed. Harry and Hermione climbed down from the cab and thanked Percy. Percy though had fallen asleep almost as soon as his wheels had stopped turning. Percy's fireman dropped the fire while his driver took the two to see the other engines. They met a great big green engine called Henry and another big blue one called Gordon. They talked for some time until they heard a whistle, and a bright red engine backed into a space next to Henry.

"Who are you?" asked the engine.

"I'm Harry and this is Hermione" Harry said, "Its Hermione's birthday today, so I thought I'd bring her here for two days", and Hermione nodded.

"I always wanted to come here" she said, "I've read all about you" and the engines looked very happy indeed. "We hope to ride on your trains as much as possible" Hermione added.

"Well I am about to take the express to Barrow" said Gordon. "You are welcome to ride with me as far as the station" and the two agreed.

"This is the best present ever" Hermione said.

"Well as it is your birthday" said the driver, "Would you like to pull the whistle?" he asked, and Hermione nodded her head like the little dogs you got in cars that sat on the parcel shelf in the boot. With a blast of the whistle, Gordon moved off for the station where they got off. They would ride the express to Barrow and back tomorrow, so they watched as Gordon coupled up and then puffed off on his trip.

"Where do you want to go now?" asked Harry to Hermione. His girlfriend looked at the timetables she had been given. Not only did she have the passenger ones, she also had the freight timetables which listed all the freight trains that passed through the stations and where they would end up going to.

"It says here that there is a freight to the docks" Hermione said after a moment. "We can catch it to there and then see what there is there" and so they waited.

The freight was booked to stop for a few minutes to allow the boat train to arrive. When it pulled up to one of the platforms, Harry and Hermione showed their special passes to the crew who let them come into the cab. It only took a few minutes but they thanked the green engine, whose name was Duck, and headed to the foreman's office to tell him who they were and what they would be doing. When he heard, he wished Hermione a happy birthday, and then took them for a tour of the docks. It took several hours, but they had a great time riding up and down the sidings and in and out of the single passenger platform for those people getting on and off the boats. They got a cab ride back to the station. This one wasn't stopping, but the driver slowed them down well enough so they could alight safely. It was afternoon, so Harry treated Hermione to high tea

in the station buffet before they sat on a bench and watched all the trains passing by. Hermione snuggled up next to Harry and kept thanking him for the day she was having. They watched all the trains rushing past and people getting on the stopping services.

"I'm lucky to have you as a boyfriend" she whispered.

"It is an honour to call you my girlfriend" Harry replied, and he kissed her tenderly on the lips. When they broke apart, Hermione snuggled as much as possible to the intoxicating scent of her boyfriend and watched a few other go by. A little while later, they stood up and went to have dinner.

#

The man walked nervously down the corridor and knocked on the door. Even after doing this for numerous times, he was still a little apprehensive.

"ENTER" said a cold and cruel sounding voice. The man opened the door, walked up to the throne. "Report" said the voice again.

"My lord" began the kneeling figure "I bring news of the lumbering old fool, Dumbledore. He intends to visit this Salem Institute with members of the Order of the Phoenix. It is his intention to go there in force and bring the Potter brat to this country. Once that is done, he will use his issue to gain control over the Potter fortune" finished the man.

"Lord Voldemort is pleased" said the hooded and robed figure. "Tell me how many people he plans to take" he added.

"They have not yet decided, my lord" said Severus Snape. "All that I know is it will be a lightning raid. The old fool even told me of his plan, as he assumes I am loyal to him. But it is to you that I am most loyal, my lord" Snape said. Voldemort nodded slowly the once and then

waved his hand for Snape to continue.

"Go on" he said.

"Dumbledore sent Potter a trunk containing two Owls. He said there was only one, but he later confided in me about a second. These Owls had charmed parchment attached to them so that wherever they got opened, Portkey co-ordinates would appear and the Owls would fly back to Hogwarts" Snape paused for a moment before pressing. "Dumbledore disguised the trunks as coming from the Granger mudblood's parents so that Potter would open it. It seems, my lord, that one owl was either captured or killed by someone or something as only the 2nd owl arrived at the castle" Snape finished.

"When does Dumbledore expect to attack this Salem Institute?" Voldemort asked.

"In two or three days. He must wait for enough Aurors to be free to join with him – those loyal to him of course" Snape said.

"This is welcome news ,but I sense that Potter is not at this other school" Voldemort said. "I do not know where he is, but I can sense Potter's thoughts as if he is asleep. His thoughts are... confusing – even to me" Voldemort admitted. Snape was the only one he would say that to. Certainly not the fool Lucius Malfoy!

"How so, my lord?" Snape asked.

"Potter is dreaming" Voldemort said, "He is thinking of talking muggle steam engines. I would dismiss this as an attempt to block my entry into his mind, only these are real memories. I have looked in the library, but I can not find anything that would explain this. All I do know is that he and the Granger mudblood are together in this place" Voldemort was quiet for a while. Snape stayed in place until he spoke some more. "Severus. You have mudbloods and half bloods at Hogwarts. Ask discreet questions about this place. Listen in to

convocations between them. The name 'Thomas' seems to be significant" and Snape nodded quickly.

"It shall be done, my lord" he said. Voldemort dismissed him, and Snape left the chamber as quickly as he possibly could. He had no idea of a place with talking trains. But would resolve to look in the library and to listen in whenever a student said 'Thomas'. It might take some time to do, but he would find Harry. But he would also warn him of the two attempts on him.

#

The Fat Controller had arranged for them to have cab rides that evening to Brendam Bay and back, and then a run to Ffarquar and back. Unlike Thomas's normal train, this one didn't stop, and was normally nearly empty. The dinner at the hotel was great, and Harry and Hermione had a walk around town before returning to the hotel to change into different clothes. When they got to their rooms, the pair discovered brand new overalls sat on the beds, and they changed into them before headed back down to the station. Thomas was waiting for them on the platform as the sun hung low over the town.

"Hello" he said to the pair. "Driver says you are coming for a ride in my cab" and Hermione nodded.

"We're going all the way to your branch line and then back again" she told the engine. "I'm looking forward to it" and Thomas smiled. Thomas's crew took Harry and Hermione round the engine and showed them what they did to make Thomas ready to run. The few passengers got into Annie and Clarabelle – Thomas's two coaches – and the four of them got into Thomas's cab.

"Would you like to do the honours?" asked the driver. "I'd sound the whistle myself, but I'm busy and the fireman is putting more coal in" and he pointed to Thomas's whistle.

"Thank you" Hermione said, and she reached up for the whistle. The girl missed the wink shared between Harry and the driver. Two quick blasts, and the driver pulled the lever and the train moved forward. They had a great time running all the way to the other end of the branch, and it was almost night. Harry and Hermione helped the fireman to light up the lamps on Thomas's front and back. They watched as Thomas ran round the train ready for the return trip. The stars shone brightly and the station lamps glowed strong as they waited for the signal. When it came, Thomas set off on the non stop trip back to where they had started from. They sped through the countryside at night, and Harry and Hermione took turns to fire and to drive. By the time they reached Knapford station, they both had coal dust all over themselves, and they climbed out the cab and bid Thomas goodbye. They had a few cab rides back and forth from the station down to the harbour, before they noticed the time was just past midnight. A goods train – whose name was Douglas - came into the station and waited for the road ahead.

"Fancy a trip on this?" Harry asked Hermione.

"Why not?" she agreed, and they showed their passes to the driver and fireman who let them get into the cab. A short whistle later, and they set off into the inky black night with the warmth of the fire hitting them.

"You alright?" Harry asked Hermione.

"Sure" she replied, "Just that I've been up for hours, so I'm a little tired at the moment. But this is great" Hermione added.

"Well when we get back, you can have a good long sleep" said Harry, and the two of them watched the driver and fireman doing their work. The sounds of Douglas working hard to pull the goods filled their ears, and the pair of them looked out as they passed signal box after signal box – the bright lights shining out the darkness.

"I don't suppose you two would like a turn at firing?" the fireman asked them.

"Really?" asked a delighted Hermione, and the bushy haired girl was soon shovelling coal into the firebox as if she had been doing it for a while. When Hermione's arms ached, she passed the shovel over to her boyfriend. Harry put shovel load after shovel load in exactly where it was needed, and then the two of them took turns having a turn at driving the engine. They passed over a viaduct and the crew took over as they entered a yard where only the diesels worked. This was the railway that most people knew – the British Rail network.

Douglas stopped and then backed his mixed freight into a siding before the four of them and the guard set off for the return working. They saw it on the outbound sidings, so they puffed slowly over to couple up to it. As they did so though, they heard a faint whooshing noise.

"I thought we was the only steam engine here" Harry said to the driver.

"Aye, and we should be" he replied. They listened and they heard the noise again.

"Who's there?" called Douglas. A faint voice answered them.

"Are you a Fat Controller's engine?" asked the voice.

"Aye" said Douglas, "And proud of it".

"Oh thank goodness. I'm Oliver and this is my brakevan, Toad. We tried to get to your railway, but I ran out of steam and now I can't move" said the voice. As Douglas's crew, Harry and Hermione looked into the darkness, they spotted an old steam engine with a brakevan attached.

"What where you doing?" asked Douglas.

"Escaping" said Oliver.

"From what? Scrap?" asked Douglas quickly.

"Yes" said Oliver.

"Then it's pleased me to help ye" Douglas said, and his driver backed Douglas a little bit so that the fireman could change the points manually. Two men could be seen who had to be Oliver's driver and fireman. The two crews met up and discussed a plan. With the help of Harry and Hermione, they wrote out transit labels and attached them to Oliver's cab sides. Then with a tin of white paint from the brakevan on Douglas's freight, they dabbed the word "SCRAP" every couple of feet on Oliver and Toad. A few moments later, and Oliver and Toad got marshalled into the train. "No time ta run arund" said Douglas, "I'hal have ta ruen tender first" and they set off as fast as they could. They had only just moved when a passing diesel saw them.

"Yoo Hoo! A steam engine is escaping. Yoo Hoo! A steam engine is escaping" and a door opened on the foreman's cabin. When they saw a red light they stopped – just before they cleared the station throat. Douglas's crew climbed out of the cab and went to speak to the foreman.

"What's this then?" he said in a gravely voice. "A Great Western engine and a brakevan. You can't take these" the man added firmly.

"Let's put more coal in" said Harry to Hermione, and the girl nodded. They quietly started to put coal into the firebox. This was easier because they had taken the shovel from Oliver before they had moved off.

"Of corse we can" said the fireman, "They're all for us. See for yeself" he added. Douglas's crew showed the foreman the transit papers. He looked at them in the light of his lamp, before shining it over Oliver and Toad.

"Well?" pressed the driver.

"Everything seems to be in order" the foreman grudgingly said, "But this is still peculiar" he muttered.

"I could tell ye more funny things" said the guard, but the foreman was in a bad mood.

"I'm sure you could" said the man, and he waved them off to the cab and the brakevan respectively.

"We added more coal so we could get away quickly in case he decided to call anyone about it" Hermione said.

"Good thinking" the driver said.

"Right! Away Guard!" the shout of the foreman was carried over the noise of Douglas's fire. A whistle blew and they set off again. They took the few miles of the mainline before they crossed over the viaduct and into the North Western Railway's territory. As they did so, the four of them in the cab started to whistle the theme from The Great Escape by unspoken agreement. Once they got over the viaduct and onto the island itself, Douglas let off a whistle of his own.

"We've made it" he called out to Oliver and Toad. "Theys canna tooch ya here" and they kept going along the tracks and went on into the night before they arrived at Knapford. They disposed of the freight in the reception sidings, then they took Oliver and Toad to a siding. They tried to be quiet, but the night foreman there heard them, and so he was taken into the plan as well.

"I know just the place" he said, and he climbed into the cab. "What are you two doing here?" asked the man when he saw Harry and Hermione. Both had helped to fire and had coal and grease all over their faces. Hermione was looking forward to the promise of a nice hot shower when they got back to the hotel.

"Special visitors" the fireman explained, "They have permission" and the foreman nodded.

"Well let's get this engine and the van into the siding" he smiled, and he showed them the way, jumping off every so often to operate the points. They tucked the pair safely away before heading off back to shed.

"Thank you" called Oliver, "And goodbye" as they vanished into what was left of the night. They only stopped to let the foreman off at the cabin with a promise to keep quiet until they had told someone higher up about their actions. Douglas wasn't going through the station, but he slowed enough to let Harry and Hermione climb down safely.

"Thank you for your help" said Douglas's driver, fireman and guard.

"Peep Peep. And me too" said Douglas. He was tired and wanted to sleep for a long time indeed. Harry and Hermione made their way along the track – a distance of only a hundred feet – and walked up the ramp and onto the platform. Not knowing what else to do, they went into the ticket office where the lonely figure of the relief station master sat next to the fire. The air seemed a little colder, but still welcome after the inferno of the cab.

"I wondered when you two might turn up" he said, as the uniformed man looked at them. He explained that he had been waiting in the ticket office for them as he had nothing else to do. During the night, he had no duties to carry out, but he was there in case an overnight train was derailed, and then he would call people and organise the breakdown train with whatever engine was available. During the

night, one engine was kept in steam in case of such an incident.

"We just want to see the inside of our showers and beds" Harry said tiredly. The night station master nodded, and led them to a door which connected to the back of the Station Hotel. The pair bid him a goodnight before heading up the stairs to their rooms. Hermione stripped off the moment the door was locked and pranced into the shower and let the hot water sooth her aches and pains before putting on warm pyjamas and getting into bed. Harry, on the other hand, was so tired that he stared to shower before he realised that he was still wearing his overalls. It was through sheer will that he was able to get the soaking clothes off and complete his shower. He too put on pyjamas and climbed into bed. His last thought was that he was glad Hermione had enjoyed her birthday.

A/N:

First: my fic and therefore my rules.

Sorry to say that again, but people figure that they can decide what I write. Not anymore.

So, Harry took Hermione to the island of Sodor for her birthday. With the odd plotline this is taking, I am sure that some of you can guess what is going to happen here! It may or may not happen, though I am leaning to that direction. Some of you mustbe thinking about it... I know that Submarauder has to guess it, and most likely joemjackson as well.

For my fellow Thomas fans, or those that simply remember the episode, Harry and Hermione get involved with the episode "Escape" – the one where Douglas rescues Oliver and Toad from being scrapped. The speech for Douglas, his driver, fireman and guard is not mis-spelt, it is my attempt at a Scottish accent.

Special Mention: scout-01 – for going into a crash course of watching

the episode mentioned so she could understand it. She also hijacked her sons Thomas videos so she could remember everything. Extra special mention really because she went to youtube to watch the episode in the end, and watched the CORRECT UK VERSION.

Many thanks to all those who review

Regards

Pixel

The Second Day – Part 1

Dawn broke over the island, and Harry slowly opened his eyes to see the cause of his abrupt departure from sleep. Hermione was waiting for him by his bed.

"Wake up, Harry" she said, "We've got so much to do" and Harry reached for his glasses.

"You do know that it is almost half five?" he questioned her, and Hermione nodded.

"We have the rest of the island to explore" said the bushy haired girl. She was as eager as any other time Harry had seen her excited.

"I'm up, I'm up" and Harry pushed the covers off him. After Hermione had gone back to her room, he went for a shower before dressing in some jeans and a shirt before heading down for breakfast – his still wet overalls lay in the corner of the bathroom. The hotel was lucky in that it served many people going to work on an early train, so there was a small breakfast open at that time in the morning. After eating as much as they could, the pair went back upstairs where Harry closed and locked his door. Taking out his wand, he performed a drying charm on the overalls, but he preferred to leave the marks in. He met Hermione outside his door, and they headed down to the station where a station porter took them to the sheds.

"Peep Pip Pip Peep" whistled the engines when they saw the two, "Good morning" and the pair responded in kind.

"Where are you going today?" asked Thomas.

"Oh we don't know" said Harry, "Just do as much as we can on our other day here" he added.

"I hope you haven't forgotten that you promised to ride on the

express" said Gordon.

"Oh we haven't" said Hermione.

"Good" said the big blue engine, "Douglas told us about what you did in the early hours of today, and we all wanted to thank you for helping to save Oliver and his brakevan" Gordon added.

"Well we could hardly let an engine like that go to scrap, could we?" Hermione said, and the other engines agreed. The only two that didn't say anything were James and Douglas. Douglas was tired from the escape attempt, while James was the standby engine overnight.

"Indeed" said Henry. "Ever since the diesels took over on the other railway, things have not been the same for steam engines" he added.

"No they haven't" said Thomas in agreement.

"We are the last line of hope for a proper railway" said Percy, and Gordon looked at him. Harry and Hermione knew the two of them often had arguments over things Percy said. "But when Flying Scotsman came here, the Fat Controller told him to let everyone know that we still used steam engines everyday. Now we are the last refuge for all that is good about railways. These new diesels have no..." Percy railed off as if trying to think of how to end the sentence.

"Soul?" offered Gordon.

"Soul? That's the right word, Gordon. These new diesels have no soul" Percy said.

"We may disagree on many things" said the other engine, "But you are completely right on this one, Percy. Out of all those built at the same time as me, only Flying Scotsman exists. They rebuilt all the others into A3's – even did it to Flying Scotsman himself. Though he

considers himself to be an A1 at heart. Most of our brothers and sisters on the other railway have been scrapped. Those that survive do so as unmoving exhibits in museums, or else on little preservation lines. That is no way for a steam engine to live out its remaining years. You know what?" Gordon asked everyone.

"What?" replied Thomas.

"I'd like to have that Dr Beaching in front of me" Gordon said, "I know I wouldn't stop in time" and the engine puffed away slowly.

"He never has been the same since he found out that all his Doncaster brothers and sisters got scrapped" Edward said. "Oh it isn't very often, but sometimes he gets a little upset" and Harry and Hermione nodded.

"Well we don't like to use diesels, but there isn't any option where we live" Harry said.

"No steam engines at all?" said Thomas in surprise.

"Well only those at little preservation lines" amended Harry.

"Well why don't you live in Sodor?" asked Percy innocently.

"Well why not?" Hermione questioned him.

"After we have finished studying... perhaps" Harry said, and Percy beamed a bright red – almost the same red as James.

"Well we can't stand here and talk all day" said a voice, and they turned to see the Fat Controller standing behind them. "Now you all know what work you have to do today?" he asked the engines, and they said yes. "Well off you go then please" and the engines puffed onto the turntable one by one.

"Good Morning" said Harry and Hermione to the Fat Controller.

"Hello, you two" he replied, "So, what do you want to do first?" the man asked.

"Well we thought of a few passenger runs. We promised Gordon we'd go on the Express though before we left" Hermione said.

"Well I hope you have a good time" he said, "I have to go to an early meeting. Rather than use my car, I decided to catch a cab ride in Thomas as far as possible" and that explained why he was wearing overalls like the footplate crew and Harry and Hermione.

"Could we join you?" asked Harry, "At least as far as the station. We could ride on the steps if we held on tightly to the handrails" and after a thought, the owner of the railway agreed. The little party got on Thomas and set off for the station where Thomas always pulled an early train before going to Annie and Clarabelle for the rest of the day. Percy always made sure that there was a lot of steam heat in the heaters in the two carriages before passengers boarded. The day station master nearly had a heart attack when he saw Harry and Hermione hanging on to Thomas's sides, but said nothing when he saw his boss was in the cab. After watching Thomas depart with his early train, the pair of them waited for Henry to back down on his train. They would ride in the cab as far as Wellsworth – returning on a local stopper. They both loved going through the countryside, and the smell of warm oil and coal filled their nostrils with a smell unique to steam railways. Harry wondered if he could bottle the smell to take back to Salem with them. Hermione was remembering as much as she could from Henry's crew – Charlie Sand and Sidney Lever. The pair of them had been crewing trains for many years, and sometimes Henry refused to work if both were ill or otherwise absent.

"Care for a go?" offered the fireman, and Hermione jumped at the chance.

"Is she always this eager about stuff?" asked the driver with a chuckle.

"Only about school work" Harry told him, laughing at the sight of Hermione going like a blur.

"I think that Hermione is doing a good job" called Henry.

"Looks like you've been made redundant" said Henry's driver to the fireman, and the fireman took it in good stead. They made a few stops where passengers got on and off, and continued all the way to Wellsworth. Henry pulled up slowly to the platform before stopping at the top of the slope down to track level. Harry and Hermione got out Henry's cab and thanked the crew and Henry for a pleasant ride, and they saw him off on the rest of run.

"So where next?" Hermione asked Harry.

"Well we could go to the other side" her boyfriend replied, "And catch a train back to Tidmouth, or we can wait ten minutes and get one to Knapford. I suppose we could always get one to Brendam Docks again and see what is going on there" and the two of them discussed their plans as they waited at the edge of the other platform. They decided to catch the boat train to the docks, so they waited for it to arrive. To their surprise, the engine was not a steam engine, but a diesel locomotive in bright green paint.

"Hello" the engine said, "Are you two our visitors?" he asked.

"We are" said Harry. "My name is Harry, and this is my best friend Hermione" and Hermione gave a little wave.

"I am a Metropolitan-Vickers, diesel-electric, Type 2" said the diesel, "But you may call me BoCo – everyone does. You seem a little surprised to see me here" BoCo said.

"We are" said Hermione, "Gordon said that diesels are not exactly in his good books".

"Ah yes" said BoCo, "Well Gordon makes an exception in a few cases. My case is that I was sold for disobeying an order given to me by my old owner" and Harry looked surprised.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I refused to tow steam engines to scrap yards" BoCo said. "When I told Gordon that, he changed his opinion of me somewhat" and BoCo chuckled.

"Are you going to the docks?" asked Hermione.

"Yes" replied BoCo.

"Well we are heading the same way" she said. "Is it possible that we can ride in your cab?" and BoCo's driver agreed at once. After making a stop due to a faulty signal, they reached the docks and Harry and Hermione went to visit the foreman. He was delighted to see them again, and they had some tea before leaving to stand outside and watch BoCo go past with the boat train. After that, they met with two yellow or gold coloured steam engines called Bill and Ben. The foreman warned them that they would often play tricks on unsuspecting people or engines. According to him, they still talked about when they had talked of putting Gordon into the sea.

"They remind me of the Weasley twins" Harry said to Hermione.

"God alone knows what would happen if they ever met up" she said, and there was a doubt if the island could stand up to the combined forces of trickery. They took a small green steam engine – the engine's name was Duck – back to the main station, and then they went to the buffet for a bacon sandwich each. They ate them sitting on the platform. After they had finished, they went up to the waiting

Gordon who was going to pull the express. He said hello to them, and they got in the train in the brake coach. They sat with the guard who chatted to them about his time on the railway, and Harry and Hermione laughed at several of them. Some included times when Thomas was in trouble – mainly the time he was nearly arrested! Once they arrived at Barrow, they helped to stable Gordon on a siding before heading over to the mess for some tea. When they got there however, the five of them found that the kettle was broken. The other railway's mess's kettle was working, so they hatched a plan. While the guard created a distraction by blowing steam and making Gordon whistle at odd intervals, Harry, Hermione and Gordon's crew launched a daring commando raid on the mess. They gathered up some tea bags, milk and sugar before doing a runner for Gordon. As they had no hot water, they siphoned some off Gordon's boiler and added the tea bags and milk to suit. The tea was a little bit sweet, and had a taste of oil and coal, but Harry and Hermione thought it was still very good indeed. The return trip was made an hour or so later, and the pair rode in the coaches until they came to a stop at a signal. It turned out that the signal was broken, so the driver received permission to Proceed on Caution to the next signal. The pair of them went up the track to Gordon, and climbed into the can to help the fireman out.

#

Snape was able to find out quicker then expected, and he managed to slip out of Hogwarts without Dumbledore knowing. Once he was past the boundaries, he apperated to where Voldemort was. He made his way to his master, and reported that he had news.

"What news do you bring?"

"I have discovered what the words you took from Potter's mind mean, My Lord"

"Very good, Severus. Tell me what you know?" Voldemort

commanded.

"The talking trains are located on the island of Sodor. It is located off the west coast of England, and it is unique for having steam and diesel engines that can talk. Thomas is apparently one of these engines."

"And Potter is still there?" Voldemort mused. "Who do we have here at the moment?" he asked Snape.

"I do not know, master" the man replied, "I only concerned myself with getting the information to you quickly. I did pass Bellatrix, Lucius and Pettigrew though. I believe they would be more though – I am uncertain" and Voldemort considered something in his mind.

"Summon all those in this house to appear in my presence in two hours. Send word to others who are our best fighters as well. If Potter is still on this island, then we might be able to strike him down and remove the last obstacle in my way".

"It will be easier then normal, my lord"

"Oh? How so?"

"This island has no magical persons living on it"

"Even better" Voldemort said, "Now go and do as I have ordered" Snape bowed and then left the room. He told the others he saw, and then left the house. He went right back to Hogwarts, and headed for where Dumbledore resided. Once he was informed of Voldemort's plan, Dumbledore sent word of who the other Death Eaters were to be found. Amelia Bones was suspicious of where the information had come from, but when she sent Aurors to the homes of those named, she found them all there – taken by surprise. After making himself out of breath, Snape returned to riddle manor, and told Voldemort about the capture of those he was sent to get. He had only just been able to

get away without being spotted by the Aurors.

"I am sorry I failed you, Snape said, but Voldemort waved him off.

"It is of no matter. I have enough fighters to do the job. This day will go down in history as the day that Potter stopped being a treat to me. We will leave in three hours. That will allow for anyone who escaped arrest to arrive here. You have done well, Severus. You shall return to Hogwarts and stay there until I call for you, or you have news or information I should have"

A/N:

Dum Dum Dum Dum Dummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

So, Harry and Hermione are enjoying themselves, while Voldemort prepares to attack them. The time has come to let you all know something that only Miz636 and scout-01 have known. Voldemort will attack the island of Sodor. There are too many opportunities to pass up here, esp. with one unlikely fighter! The death of the character has been put back to a later chapter, but I will reveal who you all voted for.

Dean – 24% (8 votes)

Seamus – 21% (7 votes)

Lavender – 12% (4 votes)

Parvati – 12% (4 votes)

Hermione – 9% (3 votes) ((Though she was only added as a ringer to see who'd vote for her even though she survives everything))

Hannah – 6% (2 votes)

Luna – 6% (2 votes)

Neville - 6% (2 votes)

Padma – 3% (1 vote)

Susan – 0% (no vote)

Out of that, you seem to have wanted Dean to die. Well you all got it wrong. The character to die is (&£* (sorry – computer malfunction). I strongly suspect joemjackson of rigging the vote somehow.

Thomas references are, for those who not know, as follows: "Thomas In Trouble", "The Disease" and "Tender Engines" (the original book title being the story Tenders for Henry from "Enterprising Engines"). Percy's and Gordon's comments are taken from actual speeches about a certain Mr Beaching (may he burn in hell for all time) otherwise known as the man who scrapped steam. (Not all that important to the plot line, but I like to provide historical information). Now I will not reveal what happens, but Harry is forced to kill people, and those who like the model version of Thomas to the CGI version of Thomas may get exactly who I mean, when I mention that Canadians are amights the Death Eaters.

Well that is all folks. The next update will be for the fic that has my name in it, and also I'm Not Going. Oooooooooohhhh... there was one other thing, if you look at my fanfic status page, there is a message about True Friends 2

Regards

Pixel

CHP11